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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXIV.—No. 89

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



SULKY BEAUTIES ON THE TURF—MISSES AMY WILSON AND CLARA JENNINGS, TWO HANDSOME HOIDENS, OF KALAMAZOO, MICH., WHO ARE INFECTED WITH THE PREVAILING ATHLETIC MANIA, WHICH IN THEIR CASE DEVELOPS INTO A PASSION FOR HORSEFLESH, INDULGE THEIR SPORTING PROCLIVITIES IN A SPIRITED MATCH, IN THE PRESENCE OF A SMALL AND SELECT PARTY, BETWEEN TWO FAST TROTTERS, WHICH THEY DRIVE TO SULKIES IN CAPITAL STYLE, ON THE RACE COURSE OF THAT CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.





The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1846.  
 RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.  
 Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
 SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

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#### To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

ZENO, Esta Boga, Ala.—Too late for this issue.  
 ROSS, Indiana, Pa.—That depends entirely upon what they are.  
 J. J. D., Utica, Neb.—Matter attended to; thanks. Further by mail.  
 J. M. G., Vicksburg, Miss.—Account of occurrence previously received.  
 M. H., Columbus, Texas.—Much obliged, but had the item previously.  
 M. R., Marysville, Cal.—Matter presents no suitable point for illustration.  
 H. M. C., Elizabethtown, Ind.—Will probably appear, with illustration, in our next.  
 F. R. S., Vicksburg, Miss.—Will communicate with you in regard to it by mail at an early date.  
 H. C. M., Lynn, Mass.—Yes if they are sent promptly. Do not care for the account of the matter; have that already.  
 E. S. S., Lancaster, Pa.—Yes, if you give us an accurate sketch of the thing and send it on the same day, will give that price for it.  
 N. A. S., St. Catharine's, Ont.—Article too late for this issue. Thanks for attention. Shall be glad to have you act for us in your locality.  
 G. V. K., Lincoln, Neb.—Matter attended to as you will perceive in this issue. Will communicate with you further concerning it by mail.  
 W. O. P., Lynn, Mass.—Send portraits if they can be obtained in season for the following issue. Scarcely think they would be of interest if left longer.  
 P. S. C., Bellairs, O.—Made mention of the occurrence in preceding issue; thanks for attention all the same. Portraits will still be accepted if sent early.  
 MITCHELL, Kalamazoo, Mich.—Thanks for the attention. Sketch and article both very good. Try us again in the same vein. Check for amount forwarded you.  
 ROBINSON, Chico, Cal.—Matter held over. Sign name and append other title for fear one or other be overlooked by us. Of course, the former is never published.  
 L. N. T., Des Moines, Iowa.—Have no regular rate; pay according to the value to us, which is by no manner means the same in all cases, as you appear to think.  
 KNOX, New Albany, Ind.—Have already published an account of the matter. Have no criticisms to make. Items of general interest, up to time, are always acceptable.  
 KNELL, Leavenworth, Ind.—Much obliged for the matter, but we could not use the photo and do the subject justice without taking more space than we can afford, regarding the general interest of the incident.  
 L. Bow, Sedalia, Mo.—Have published accounts of both, in full to date. Your communication did not reach us in time to be of service. Please hurry things up always. Matter for publication can't reach us too soon.  
 S. D. K., Lebanon, Or.—As we have often before notified our correspondents in this column, we cannot set a price until we see the matter and judge of its value to us. So send it along, with evidence of its authenticity.  
 M. A. B., Fort A. Lincoln, D. T.—The style of the sketch is quite good. Accuracy is the main point we desire. Shall be glad to hear from you, but send us something more out of the ordinary than the suicide of a tramp.  
 G. B. S., Chillicothe, Mo.—The occurrence is of so little general interest that we did not find a place for it in our columns of general mention and it certainly presents no suitable point for illustration in a pictorial journal of current news.  
 C. H. C., Independence, Mo.—Have published account of the affair. The sketch being admitted to be an imaginary one was of no possible use to us. We can get up such matters, on the same ground work, much better in our office—a point you must certainly perceive.  
 J. J. C., Joplin, Mo.—No doubt the gentleman is worthy of all the praise you give him, but, with the great demands on our space for subjects of more general interest, you will see that, until brought before the reading public by some event of that character, we cannot find room for it, although we should be pleased to pay such a tribute to the rare official qualities you recount.  
 W. B. C., Centre, Ala.—Cannot just now recall the character of your communication. Remember answering you in regard to it, however, and must certainly have a sufficient reason for not publishing it if it did not appear, of which, as you do not state the case definitely and we have forgotten it, we cannot say positively. If you care to take the trouble to write another statement will repeat what we are sure has already been said in full but has chanced not to meet your eye.

#### TRIAL BY JURY.

If the genial authors of the musical farce bearing the above title needed a new wrinkle for their piece, they might find food for satire in the verdict of the jury in the recent Smith-Bennett murder trial in Jersey City. In our preceding issue, in commenting upon the trial and the probabilities of the case, which then hung in the balance, it being in the hands of the jury as we went to press, we spoke of the glorious uncertainties of the system as illustrated by the fact that, while in almost any of the ordinary affairs of life one could predicate results with reasonable confidence upon the basis of fact and common sense, in regard to the probabilities of a jury verdict, it was altogether too hazardous a matter to venture a prediction. Had we been guided solely by what appeared to be the only common sense view of the case we should have confidently asserted, what was certainly the almost universal public opinion namely, that, on the evidence presented, Mrs. Smith and Covert Bennett could not be convicted. The result gives us cause for self congratulation for our discretion in refraining from such a rash venture. Undoubtedly the verdict was one of the most unexpected ones ever rendered in this country, and its manifest injustice, under the circumstances, has caused a strong revulsion in favor of the accused even among those who still believe them guilty. The fact is the verdict shocks the community's innate sense of justice, and all feel that while appearances are strongly against them the evidence to that effect was so weak that it leaves too much room for the possibility of their innocence to allow of a punishment being meted out to them which cannot be inflicted where there is a shadow of a doubt of guilt without a shock to society and a degradation of justice from the dignity which should ever surround her in her dealings with human life and liberty.

The trouble with this jury appears to have been that they went into the case with their minds fully made up that the individuals whom they were to try were the guilty parties. All that was lacking, in their view, was supplied in Bennett's prison letter to Mrs. Smith and Bennett's admission of their illicit relations.

Here was ample motive. Circumstances already indicated them as the murderers with sufficient clearness to the eyes of these wiseacres. Now the missing link was supplied and there could be no longer any reason for hesitation in consigning two fellow beings to a felon's death. The lack of direct evidence was nothing to them, and so they brought in their verdict. Under the circumstances no unprejudiced person can fail to see that Mrs. Smith and Covert Bennett were convicted not on the evidence adduced in their trial, but on individual opinion. That opinion may be right in this particular case, but is there not a possibility that it may be wrong? Certainly there is, unless human judgment can be claimed to be infallible under any condition. And, most assuredly, that possibility involves too awful a responsibility to allow of the taking of life in the name of the law where it exists. To do so encroaches uncomfortably upon the domain of murder.

#### ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO THE GAZETTE.

We instance, a few weeks since, the efficiency of the aid rendered by the GAZETTE to police officials throughout the country in identifying and securing the capture of fugitive criminals as well as in giving public information of their doings and modes of operation. The case referred to was that of Alexander Cohen, an absconding insurance agent and forger of Milwaukee, Wis., who had decamped with several thousand dollars of other people's money. A reward was offered for his arrest, in spite of which, although it occasioned a sharp lookout to be kept for him in all parts of the country, no clue to his whereabouts was discovered until a firm of Richmond, Va., detectives had their attention drawn to a suspicious individual in that city whom they were inclined to believe to be the right party, but upon whom they were unable to "close in" for want of positive information. Luckily, however, just at that moment of doubt and when they feared that the bird might take wing at any moment, the GAZETTE came to hand, containing an excellent portrait and thorough personal description of the absconding insurance man, which we had obtained soon after his disappearance. This settled the matter and the bird was speedily caged. The important agency of the GAZETTE in securing the arrest was acknowledged in current newspaper reports of the circumstance and, still more gracefully, by the detective firm, in a personal letter to the GAZETTE.

Another case of a similar character, but still more important, has just been brought to our notice. In our issue of April 6th, last, we published a portrait and description of one Samuel Moore Williams, who had committed a cold-blooded murder in Garrard county, Kentucky, where he resided, some months previous. He was believed to have fled to California or some point on the Pacific Slope, and, in accordance with this belief, Detective A. B. Singleton, of San Jose, Cal., was furnished with a requisition from the Governor of Kentucky in order that he might be returned with all facility if captured. The portrait of the mur-

derer, as given by us, was a good one, but the very particular description of his personal characteristics, given with it, was no doubt quite as efficient a means of his identification, which the following letter, which speaks for itself, tells us has been accomplished through the agency of the GAZETTE:

SAN JOSE, CAL., May 6, 1879.

PUBLISHER NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE:

Through your paper Samuel Moore Williams was arrested in Dallas, Oregon, and will be taken back to Kentucky.

A. B. SINGLETON,  
 Criminal and Private Detective.

#### Beauty in the Sulky.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

KALAMAZOO, Mich., May 26.—This historic city of the old name, which has so often proved a God-send to the perplexed paragrapher of the period, furnishes the latest sensation in the line of the prevailing athletic mania. Among the many beauties of the place there are two, in the feminine line, that have earned a high local reputation through their hoidenish proficiency in what old-fashioned folks have been wont to regard as manly arts. A recent performance by these robust damsels is entitled, it appears to me, to a more extended mention.

The young ladies in question, Misses Amy Wilson and Clara Jennings, are strongly imbued, as I have stated, with the prevailing athletic craze. The disease in their cases has taken the turf type, and by reason of the exploit of which I propose to speak I designate the business as "Beauty in the Sulky," as typifying said incident which has given occasion to no little local comment. I hope, however, that your "intelligent compositor" will not put it "in the sulks," since nothing could be further from the intent of the description. In fact such a mental condition is altogether incompatible with the healthful physical state which is either the result or the cause of the robust vigor of the young ladies aforesaid. The latter, as I have said, had a strong weakness for horse-flesh, if I may use the Hibernicism, and as the respected head of each family had quite a similar leaning, each owning a trotter of considerable pretensions to speed, Miss Wilson and Miss Jennings were enthusiastic partisans of the merits of their respective steeds and many a heated discussion arose between them as to the ability of one horse to "get away" with the other, if a fair show could be had. This rivalry culminated at last in a private match which was arranged with the knowledge and connivance of a small and select circle of sympathizing friends, both male and female. Having surreptitiously obtained possession of the horses and sulks from the grooms, who drove the animals out to the race-course, the party quietly assembled and a match was speedily fixed, mile heats, best three in five, the ladies to drive. Miss Wilson's horse was a dark chestnut, entered as Tom, Miss Jennings's a bay mare, named as Jenny. Amid the hearty enthusiasm of the little group, the ladies mounted the sulks and started off in fine style, Miss Wilson's horse being the favorite in the betting.

After a closely contested heat Miss Jennings's mare, Jenny, came in winner, by a full length, in 2:55, as timed by a gentleman of the party, though it is possible he made some allowance, which would not have been granted in a regular race. Miss Jennings's stock immediately went up, and betting changed in her favor. The next heat, however, was decided in favor of Miss Wilson, in 3:00, and at the beginning of the third heat honors were even. The third and fourth heats were, however, won by Miss Jennings, thus giving her the race, and the select party departed for their homes, hilarious and enthusiastic, highly pleased with their novel turf experience.

Narrated in racing parlance the affair might be summed up as follows: Mile heats, best three in five, to sulky. Miss Amy Wilson enters ch. g. Tom—2 1 2 2. Miss Clara Jennings enters b. m. Jenny—1 2 1 1. Time, 2:55, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30.

#### Another Mysterious Horror.

Mme. Girard was found dead in her room at 121 West Thirtieth street, on Wednesday night, 28th ult., with several stabs on her person. The testimony gained by the coroner pointed so strongly in the direction of murder that he locked up Joseph Bouviet, who says he awoke at four o'clock on that afternoon, and saw the woman lying dead on the floor, although she was alive in another bed when he went to sleep. But the surgeon's knife discloses a basis for the hypothesis of Mme. Girard's suicide.

The gashes in her body were so numerous and so peculiarly distributed that it would seem impossible that she committed suicide.

Joseph Bouviet is a Frenchman and a cook. He has been in this country sixteen years. Although he is only thirty-five years of age, he became the companion of Mme. Girard, the widow of an old man, and herself gray-haired and fifty-three years old. They lived together more than three years. The home of the couple consisted of two rooms in the front of the third story of the tenement at 121 West Thirtieth street. In the main room are two beds, a chair or two, a bureau, a hair-covered lounge, and a strip or two of carpet. Everything else was packed up, for Bouviet was looking out for new lodgings for Mme. Girard, while he intended to go to work in the kitchen of a Coney Island hotel. On the 28th, according to the testimony of a cook named Andre, who is in the House of Detention on account of what he knows of the case, Bouviet was fighting drunk.

He made trouble in a Sixth avenue drinking place known as "The Globe," near Twenty-seventh street. Andre was obliged to take him home. Andre went into Bouviet's rooms and saw Mme. Girard lying on one of the two beds. He had to pass this bed twice in entering and retiring. He saw little pools of blood on the floor by the bedside and wondered what had caused them. He did not inquire. Mme. Girard moved as Andre was closing the door and asked what was the matter. Andre told her Bouviet was drunk and likely to be arrested unless he stayed home. "Oh, don't

leave him here," said the woman, very earnestly "take him away." Her voice was that of a woman in health, speaking naturally. This was at ten o'clock in the morning. Andre went down to the street, and after spending the afternoon with friends, returned to the Globe saloon, and was there at four o'clock in the afternoon, when Bouviet came in. He was less drunk than in the morning, but he was pale and excited. He said his wife was dead, and he begged Andre to go with him and see what could be done. A butcher named Simmons went with them. While they were together Bouviet said nothing more than that his wife was dead, except that he woke up and found her covered with wounds lying upon the floor. He cried as he walked through the streets. Andre saw Mme. Girard lying on the floor in a pool of blood, or rather, he saw the outline of her body, for all but the feet were covered. Simmons, the third man, took to his heels. Andre at once ran to the Thirtieth street station and informed the police. They removed the body and found a blood-stained razor on the floor behind the bed. Andre and Bouviet were arrested.

When Deputy Coroner Miller cross-examined Bouviet on the following day he saw blood on both shoulders of the man's shirt. He asked Bouviet how blood came there, and the prisoner denied that it was blood at first; then, afterward, said that if it was, it must have come from the woman's remains when he embraced and kissed them. Dr. Miller took some of the blood for microscopic examination.

Perhaps the most remarkable result of the investigation is the fact that the three garments which the woman wore are uninjured by the razor. The sleeves were rolled up beyond the wounds in the arms, and the entire covering was drawn up over the chest while the wounds on the ribs were made. After the wounds were effected, the clothing was restored to its place.

Coroner Flanagan has charge of the case. He impanelled a jury, and they viewed the rooms. He ordered the arrest of the Frenchman and the detention of the only valuable witness.

#### A Romance of a Crime.

Some years ago a native of Camajore, in Italy, emigrated to America, leaving behind a wife and two children. After a time he sent home to them, through the priest of his native place, \$20. A few months later on this remittance was followed by a second, this time of \$200; and at intervals afterward other sums were sent, making altogether a total of over \$5,000. The priest, however, never gave the money to those for whom it was intended, but kept it for himself, sending for the woman, and telling her, with many consoling reflections, that her husband was dead. At the same time he wrote to the man, informing him that his family were dead, sending also with his letter an official certificate of their death. After a time the man married again, and a short time ago, having prospered in business and become wealthy, he determined to revisit his native place. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Camajore, and went to the principal inn in the town. As he was walking out one day a boy begged of him. Something in the appearance of the beggar seemed to be familiar, and, questioning the boy, he found that it was his own child, and that his wife was living with the two children he had left behind, in the greatest poverty. The priest, thus detected in his wickedness, endeavored to compromise the matter by offering to pay the 25,000 lire, but the authorities declined to allow it, and proceedings against him are now pending.

#### The Murfreesboro Outlaws.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 28.—Most of the alleged thieves at Murfreesboro have waived preliminary examination and were to-day re-committed, except Nichols, Bailey and Slaughter, three white men who procured a postponement of the investigation until next Friday, at which time they claim they will prove an alibi. Henry McNairy (colored) was released, but no proof having been offered against him but the evidence of John Hall, who has been rendered infamous, having served a term in the penitentiary for burglary. In a few instances the accused refused to waive examination and demanded a preliminary trial. Bill Smith (colored), himself in jail for alleged burglary, is the principal witness. He implicates Burrell, Smith, Hall, McFerrin, Ed Lytle, Butler, McAdae, Talbert, Slaughter, and two white men not yet arrested, with various arsons and burglaries. Three or four warrants have been issued against each of the prisoners. Hicks Slaughter is now undergoing a preliminary investigation on the charge of attempted robbery and arson.

#### Frightful Wholesome Poisoning.

ISLAND POND, Vt., May 29.—The terrible poisoning case in the town of Newark, ten miles from this place, is exciting the most profound sensation through all this region. The latest reports state that ten of the children are dead. The supposed cause of the poisoning is the throwing of dead animals, a horse and a number of sheep, into a brook which runs by the school-house where the children attended school and drank of the water. They died within a few hours after drinking the water, and decomposition set in at once, making immediate burial necessary.

Twenty-seven cases of poisoning are reported, and it is not believed that one half of the afflicted children can recover. There is talk of arresting the man on whose premises the carrion was thrown into the stream, who lives near the school-house.

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

Exceedingly handsome portraits of two of the most beautiful, gracefully formed and universally popular ladies on the American stage, adorn our gallery this week, namely, Miss Lizzie Webster, one of the sprightliest, most talented and attractive burlesque artists on the English speaking stage, and Miss Annie Leonard, of Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, in which city she is a leading favorite, both of whom are too well known to the theatre-going public to require more than a mere introduction in presenting them.



## HIS OWN VICTIM.

A Gallant Veteran of the Late War, Becoming Madly Jealous of His Beautiful Wife,

GOES ON THE WAR-PATH,

With Blood in His Eye, in Search of a Verification of His Suspicions, which Being Found, His Insane Rashness Renders Him

AN UNINTENTIONAL SUICIDE.

WAYNESVILLE, O., May 25.—Captain William Rion Hoel tried to kill Dr. J. B. Hough yesterday, but killed himself instead. The captain had for years commanded the United States lighthouse steamer Lily, and made his home here, where his wife was left alone most of the time with her two little children. The Hoels were financially prosperous, yet they lived unhappily. The trouble arose from the dictatorial manner of the husband and the high spirit of the wife. She was only thirty years of age, and very attractive. It is said that in a recent quarrel she reminded him that their marriage was a mere balancing of his money against her beauty, and that it was not a love marriage.

Recently Captain Hoel satisfied himself that his wife loved Dr. Hough, who had long been an acquaintance of the family. The doctor is a professor of chemistry in the Miami Medical College of Cincinnati, but has for a year lived in this county. He is six feet and three inches in height, and weighs 300 pounds. He had some practice in this county, and Mrs. Hoel has been his patient. Between him and Captain Hoel a pleasant acquaintance was supposed to exist.

Captain Hoel said yesterday morning that he was going to Cincinnati, in obedience to an order to report for duty. He started for the railroad station; but within an hour he was back in the house, hiding in a bath-room. Soon afterward Dr. Hough called, and gave some medicine to a colored maid-servant, whose illness was so trifling that treatment by a physician was hardly necessary. After giving the girl a phial of medicine, the doctor went into the parlor and saw the mistress. At about the same instant, Captain Hoel began to bore holes with a gimlet through the door from an adjoining room. Probably he did not find it easy to make a hole with the right bearing for a view of Dr. Hough and Mrs. Hoel, who both say that they were standing near each other, in conversation about her health. She feared, she says, she had heart disease, and the doctor was inquiring the symptoms. They both admit that they may have talked about her heart in a sentimental way, the nature of the subject leading Dr. Hough to speak of his love for her. Captain Hoel, naturally excited by what he heard, ran from his watching-place by a rear door, and returned with the colored girl, whom he dragged fiercely but silently by the wrist. She was small, and he put her on a chair, so that she might look through the holes that he had bored. According to her testimony, she saw Dr. Hough and Mrs. Hoel kissing. Captain Hoel also saw the kissing while looking through another peep-hole. The girl says that the pair did not kiss as though the

KISSING WAS A NOVELTY.

The husband burst open the door, drawing a large navy revolver as he sprang into the parlor.

"Stop! stop!" Dr. Hough shouted, seeing the weapon aimed at his head; "you have seen the worst—there's nothing wrong."

Captain Hoel did not stop to listen, but quickly pulled the trigger, sending a bullet harmlessly past Dr. Hough's head into the wall. Then the revolver missed fire twice. Apparently maddened by his failure, he grasped the weapon by the barrel and struck Dr. Hough on the head repeatedly with the heavy butt. The final blow discharged a barrel, the revolver probably having been left cocked, and the bullet lodged in Captain Hoel's own head. He fell, and died without uttering a word.

Mrs. Hoel and the girl fled, and a farm hand, whom they told of the tragedy, hurried to the parlor. He there found Captain Hoel lying dead, with the revolver still in his grasp, and Dr. Hough badly hurt by the blows on his head.

PHONE AND UNCONSCIOUS ON A SOFA.

The coroner's inquest, not yet completed, has not elicited many additional facts. "I was treating Mrs. Hoel," Dr. Hough said on the stand, "and on this occasion, after I had given her the medicine, I started to go. She conducted me through the parlor and asked me whether I was in a hurry. We conversed for a few moments on casual matters, I have forgotten what, and almost immediately there was a slight noise at the door, a few feet from us. I said, 'I thought Captain Hoel was going to the city this morning.' She replied, 'He did; he went on the four o'clock train.' I said, partly in fun, 'You are mistaken; he is in his room.' She replied, 'No, I have passed through his room several times this morning. I guess it is Nora cleaning in there.' The noise was repeated; then I noticed that the door was almost open. Almost immediately Captain Hoel stood in the doorway with a revolver in his hand pointed toward me. He fired, and then snapped his revolver once or twice. Immediately he turned his revolver, and, taking it by the barrel, began beating me over my head and face. The blows stunned me. I remember hearing his revolver go off and his saying, 'I am shot.' He put his hand to his breast and

STAGGERED BACK AGAINST THE DOOR-FRAME.

Any jealousy that Captain Hoel may have had was entirely groundless as far as the conduct of Mrs. Hoel and myself was concerned. Mrs. Hoel had told me that the captain had been habitually jealous of her in regard to many persons and circumstances. I had told her that we must be careful or he would be jealous of me."

Mrs. Hoel has not yet testified, nor has she been out of her room since the tragedy. Her brother, speaking of her, says that she has suffered much from her husband's bad temper. He tried to rule his home establishment and his wife on the same principle on which he would run a vessel of war, by acting the tyrant. He treated her harshly almost from the date of their marriage, often locked her up in her room, forbade her either any company or the privilege of visiting, and on one occasion knocked her down. He also set the servants to spy on her and threatened to kill her father and her brother. He forbade her to ride to town, telling her to walk. Contrary to his orders last week she hitched up a horse and drove to the village, and on the captain's return he deliberately had the animal killed.

## BEECHER'S CANADIAN JAMBOREE.

How the Plumed and Epauletted Clerical Warrior of Brooklyn Disported Himself a La Militaire in the Atmosphere of Royalty.

[With Illustrations.]

The return of the Brooklyn Thirteenth, and the exploits of its virtual chief and gorgeously attired military parson, the Reverend Mr. Beecher, has furnished a sensation of the hour in sensation-loving Brooklyn.

The Thirteenth arrived in Brooklyn on Friday evening, 23rd ult., where it was joined by Chaplain Beecher, who had gone on ahead of the regiment. The chaplain was first encountered in a trip down the rapids on the steamer Filgate. He was in full uniform and made a most imposing figure in chapeau with epaulets and sword. During the trip he was the central figure of an admiring circle of ladies who heartily enjoyed his characteristic jokes and playful pranks. At Montreal a great reception awaited them.

Ample space was provided for the Thirteenth to form in line in front of the Canadian forces, the movement being promptly executed in due form. Both bodies of troops saluted by presenting arms, the bands playing "God Save the Queen." Then a carriage appeared with three ladies in it, who brought a flag, which being unfurled proved to be of silk, beautifully embroidered by nuns, one side representing the Stars and Stripes, on the other it was a Dominion flag. Mayor Rivard, attended by the city councilmen, then stepped forward, welcomed the regiment to Montreal and

PRESENTED THE FLAG.

Colonel Austen accepted the flag, and introduced Chaplain Beecher, who spoke in response on behalf of the regiment. The Thirteenth then marched to the Rink, where they were installed in the quarters assigned them. The sham fight which took place on the following day, the 24th, in commemoration of the Queen's Birthday, was participated in by the Brooklyn soldiers, who acquitted themselves to the admiration of all and to the credit of their state and flag. Before the spectacle, the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of the Dominion, in plain attire, accompanied by his wife, the Princess Louise, were escorted by Lieutenant-General Smythe along the line of military.

The bands of the different regiments struck up "God Save the Queen," as the vice-regal party arrived at their colors. The strains of the music floated in the air, and had a strange sweetness to the ear. Trotting along the line the cortege halted in front of the Thirteenth New York, which occupied the center. The American regiment presented arms. The Marquis returned the salute, and, advancing his horse a few paces, addressed the visiting battalion as follows:

"OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE GALLANT THIRTEENTH—I welcome you, in the Queen's name, to Canada, and thank you for coming to-day to do honor to Her Majesty on this her birthday. We are brothers to-day in blood and great traditions, and I rejoice to see you here as

"OUR BROTHERS IN ARMS."

The Brooklyn regiment, as they passed the saluting point, were received with great enthusiasm. They carried their new flag. Their marching and whole appearance was very fine. They later on joined in the sham fight, and their volley-firing was especially admired.

Their chaplain divided with the Marquis and the Princess the interest and curiosity of the public. After the sham fight the men were all entertained at the skating rink.

At the afternoon dinner in the Agricultural Hall the mayor presided. Speeches followed, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested everywhere.

At night the city was illuminated and numerous bands marched through the city, enlivening the crowds who lined the sidewalks. A grand military dinner at the Windsor Hotel the same night was given by the volunteer officers of Montreal to the Governor-General and the officers of the Thirteenth Brooklyn. Four hundred persons were at the dinner. The Marquis of Lorne responded to the toast, "The Queen," and spoke handsome words for the Thirteenth. Mr. Beecher responded to "The President of the United States." He reviewed the careers of Buchanan, Lincoln and Grant, and made happy allusions to the Revolution and the relations of America to England. Cheers interrupted him often. Col. Austen also spoke.

Gen. Sir Selby Smythe and Col. Stevenson also delivered addresses. The Governor-General complimented the Thirteenth highly.

A few nights ago the inmates of Dr. Curtis's house in Wadsworth, Ohio, were awakened by fire. They sprang from their beds, and, in *deshabille*, made their way to the outer air, to find the house just commencing to blaze up at one corner. When the family got out of the house they noticed three men running rapidly for the woods, one of whom in particular was noticed as being a very large man, but in the confusion no chase was made after them until some time had elapsed, and then they had disappeared, and no trace has as yet been found of them. The fire was extinguished before much damage was done. If the inmates had not been awakened until a few minutes later the whole building would have been in flames and the family burned to death.

## CHARMING COLLEGIANS AFLOAT.

How the Vassar College Girls Enjoyed Themselves on Their Annual Excursion up the Hudson, During Which it was Evident that Flirtation is not Among the Lost Arts with the Blooming Devotees of Fair Science.

[Subject of Illustration.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 23.—One hundred and twenty-five of the young ladies of Vassar College, composing the classes of '79 and '80, indulged in scenes of festivities to-day, the occasion being the annual sail and excursion tendered by the junior to the senior class. The sky was perfectly clear and the bright sunshine tempered the chilly blasts of north-west winds. At half past ten a.m., the ladies left the college in carriages and were quickly taken to the steamer Mary Powell, which had been chartered for the day, and laid at the foot of Main street, decorated with flags and bunting, awaiting her precious freight. The committee of ladies from the junior class, in waiting at the gangway, was composed of the Misses E. M. Whitney, A. Thurston, A. Van Kleeck, E. K. Murphy, H. R. Swan, A. P. Bailey, G. F. Cole and Z. Z. Brockway. The fair excursionists were comfortably clothed and their smiling faces and laughing eyes were proofs of the glad expectancy in their hearts. The embarkation was rapid and at eleven a.m. the steamer's lines were cast off. Samelson's orchestra struck up a lively air and the merry voyagers waved

ADIEUS TO FRIENDS LEFT BEHIND.

At first the excursionists braved the brisk air of the forward deck, but it was a little too bracing and compelled them to seek shelter in the main saloon or in groups upon the deck aft, from which points the panorama of the Hudson was viewed with delight. On the way up the river the juniors sang an ode to the seniors with orchestral accompaniments and in a handsome manner.

Previous to the singing each one of the excursionists was presented with a dish-shaped, wooden fan, adorned with sketches both floral and otherwise. On the back, in ink, were the names of the committee of arrangements, and the handle was ornamented with gay ribbons, tied in a bow. After the ode the seniors sang an impromptu reply, and thus for an hour glided the happy hours away.

Off Rhinebeck sharpened appetites were ready to respond to a nice little luncheon in the dining-saloon, and thither all wended their way. Among the guests were Matthew Vassar, President Cauldwell, Professor Backus and wife, Professor Ritter and wife, Professor Von Ingen and others. At the lunch table the laugh and joke ran round, and happiness reigned supreme. Once more on deck the ladies scattered in little squads, and

ALL FORMALITY WAS IGNORED.

One little party arranged a walking match, and the contest was very spirited, causing much merriment. Others "enthusiased" over picturesque residences on either shore or saluted passing sailing vessels or steamers, and the orchestra kept playing lively airs, the girls responding sometimes by singing, and when there was a momentary absence of professors, waltzing was indulged in.

At ten minutes past one p.m., it was noised abroad that Catskill was in sight, and then there was a rush for mountain scenery, the splendid view from the steamer's deck commanding the attention of all on board. There were eloquent expressions of delight on all sides as this point was described and commented upon, and all sought the open deck, from whence a good view could be obtained. Catskill dock was reached at twenty minutes after one p.m. Previous to the arrival of the steamer fifteen or twenty carryalls had been sent across the river to the opposite shore, and when the young ladies disembarked they marched in line to the ferryboat and were taken to Catskill station. There they climbed into the carryalls referred to and were driven to the residence of Frederick Church, the artist, on the hill, a mile and a half from the depot. They were expected, as arrangements had been previously made for the visit, and the Church family

GAVE THEM A HEARTY WELCOME.

The house was modeled after a Persian palace, and being built on very high ground, the view from the cupola is grand beyond description, and from it the beholder can look into four states, and down the river, past the Highlands, to the Palisades. The visitors could not get enough of the splendid outlook, and hung about the observatory as though charmed to the spot. They were also invited into special rooms of the splendid structure, the most attractive one being the dining-room, which is also practically an art gallery, for there the artist has hung the choicest oil paintings. All of the pictures are magnificent specimens of art, and there are over two hundred of them. In fact the house inside is richly decorated with Japanese and Chinese curiosities and Persian and Turkish ornaments and costumes. The grounds are elegantly laid out, over two thousand trees having been planted. To view all of these took time, but it was time well spent, and never did Vassar girls revel in such luxury before. Every moment they evinced their great interest by pretty exclamations of surprise and delight, and when the time came to say good bye the words were uttered with reluctance.

Dinner was had on board the steamer at five p.m., while she lay at the pier, as the pleasure seekers did not wish to miss sunset scenes in the Catskills, and at six p.m. the start for home was made, Poughkeepsie being reached between nine and ten p.m., where carriages were in readiness to take the ladies back to the college. It was a delightful day out, and the seniors and juniors will long remember the happy event.

## Victim of an Unlawful Passion.

CINCINNATI, May 26.—A most striking example of the power for evil a woman can exercise over an infatuated man has recently been shown in our divorce courts. Some years ago Mr. John D. Ruff, a rising young business man of Cincinnati, who was the fortunate possessor of a happy home, a loving wife and

two pretty children, stood high in society, and had a bright, prosperous future before him. To-day his home is broken up, after years of domestic unhappiness, his wife and children have been forced to leave him, his character and reputation having been ruined, and he himself is a wanderer and almost a social outcast, and all through a woman of the class alluded to. This woman, Lou Whitlock, the discarded wife of a photographer in this city, by some means gained an entrance into the happy family of Ruff, then residing in Camp Dennison. It was not long until she began laying siege to the affections of Mr. Ruff, and the latter, despite the fact that his own wife was a handsome, refined and amiable lady, and a good wife and mother, while the Whitlock had neither beauty, culture nor engaging manners, soon fell a victim to her wiles. At first their intrigues were carried on stealthily under the eyes of the unsuspecting wife, but there eventually came a discovery of their doings, and they were forced to seek other opportunities to indulge their guilty amours. Abandoning his wife and children, the infatuated man gave up his business, and with his mistress visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other eastern cities, where he squandered his wealth in satisfying her luxurious wants. The injured wife sought and obtained a divorce on the ground of her husband's adultery. A couple of years passed on, and the husband grew tired of his mistress, and, returning to Camp Dennison, sought and, after long pleading, obtained the forgiveness of his wife, and they were remarried. Together they lived in seeming happiness for nearly a year, but one night Mr. Ruff went to a place of amusement, where he met his old-time innamorata, and again fell a prey to his guilty passion. He sought her at her residence, and once more he forgot his wife and family and home, and gave himself up to the indulgence of an illicit love. His wife remonstrated and pleaded, but the demon passion had taken possession of his soul, and he replied to her prayers with oaths and blows, so that she fled from him, and with her children sought a shelter at her father's house.

Ruff and his mistress left Cincinnati, and are now in Canada, and last week the courts in this city again granted Mrs. Ruff a divorce from her derelict husband.

## Heroic Defense Against Lawless Invaders.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

The following additional particulars of the recent successful resistance of the night invasion of a mob of lawless vigilantes by one of their intended victims, on Turkey Fork of Little Sandy, in this state, a brief account of which has previously been sent, together with the names of some of the principal actors in the affair, have just been obtained by your correspondent:

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., May 24.—For months past the upper end of adjoining counties of this state has been the scene of chastisement and threats by vigilance committees or "Red Men." Unfortunately in the unsettled condition of some of the hilly regions occasions for the use of the whip of public justice arose without the power to use it. Theft and highway robberies, so often committed, caused the best residents to become incensed, and failing to bring the depredators to justice, they formed themselves into a society, calling themselves Vigilantes or Red Men. They have captured suspected horse-thieves and tying them to a tree, have given them a sound thrashing with hickory withes. They served several well-known thieves in this manner, and sent notices to others to quit the country. For a short time this seemed to have a good effect in the suppression of crime; but their own ranks at length became filled up with bad persons, who used their power to accomplish petty revenge and to carry out schemes, and the organization fell into ill repute. For some time the actions of the so-called committee had been looked upon with aversion, but no one could be found brave enough to bring them to punishment. A few days ago they took one Taylor, who lived on Turkey Fork of Little Sandy, from his house, and, after a severe castigation, ordered him out of the country. Taylor declined to go, and being isolated from his neighbors by several miles of hills and valleys, he prepared his house to stand a siege. He dug a tunnel under the floor of his house and carried it out about sixty feet before he brought it to the surface near the woods, intending to escape through this if the vigilants should fire his house. He then loaded his arms, consisting of several shot-guns and rifles, and with only his wife in the house, awaited the coming of his enemies. On the night of the 20th they came, twenty or twenty-five strong, riding up to the door, demanded admittance. No answer was given to the demand, and they proceeded to batter down the door. As soon as the door fell they rushed in, but were received with a volley of buck-shot and bullets. Several of them fell, and the vigilants retreated in disorder. Taylor awaited their return, but their courage or their powder had oozed out, and they failed to come to time. After about half an hour one of the vigilants hallooed from the woods, distant sixty or eighty yards, and told Taylor that if he would permit them to carry off their wounded they would retire and leave him alone in the future. Taylor consented to this, and they went into his yard and carried off their wounded. The next day the affair became bruited about, and it was ascertained that one Lowther was missing, while another man, Bumgardner, was wounded in the hand. It is thought several persons were killed, as clots and pools of blood were found in Taylor's yard. No one else from the neighborhood appears to be missing. Indictments are to be brought against several men as being participants in the outrage. In an adjoining county fifteen or eighteen have been identified, and will soon be arrested and brought to justice, and this fact coming to the knowledge of the members, has caused a scattering of their forces.

In Altamont, Grundy county, Tenn., a few nights ago, twelve unknown men broke open the jail and released Mr. Dixon, confined on the charge of larceny, and warned him to leave the country instantly. The outlaws are supposed to be his friends.



### A Vigilance Committee Worsted.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., May 22.—The Vigilants or Red Men of Turkey Fork, of Little Sandy, came to grief a night or two since. There is a man living on that creek who had been chastised by them a short time before and ordered to leave the country, which he declined to do, and, in anticipation of trouble, he prepared his house to resist a siege. He dug a trench under the floor of his house through beneath the wall, and carried it about fifty or sixty feet before he approached the surface. Prepared with a means of exit, he calmly awaited the attack, which came night before last. The Vigilants rode up to the house and demanded admittance, which was refused; they then battered in the door, and rushed in, but were received with a volley of buckshot and bullets, laying several of them low. The fire was a little too hot for them, and they retired. The inmates, the man and his wife, awaited a second charge, but the courage or the powder of the Vigilants had oozed out, and they failed to come to time. At last one of them halloed, and told the inmates if they would let them carry off their wounded they would retire and leave them unmolested. This they agreed to, and they picked up their wounded and left. One man is missing from the neighborhood since that time, and another travels about with a bullet-hole in his hand, which he says he got by shooting at rats the night before when his pistol hung fire. The missing man is believed to have been killed in the fight. This will probably break up the vigilance committee, as I am informed by the prosecuting attorney of Wirt county that they intend to ferret out all the parties concerned in outrages in that county and punish them to the fullest extent of the law. The wife of the attacked is thought to be the one who fired the shots in the melee which did the most damage. However that may be, the outlawry in that locality has received a dampener from which it will not soon recover.

### Stabbed With a Sword.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the evening of the 23rd, Mary Ward, went to Lawrence Spilane's liquor store, at 224 West Thirty-ninth street, after her husband, Patrick Ward. Spilane jeered Ward for being hunted by his wife. The woman then denounced Spilane for taking the bread

from his family. Spilane, who had been drinking, picked up the presentation sword of Captain John Flynn, of the Sixty-third Regiment and drove it four inches into Mrs. Ward's side. He was arrested by Captain Washburne. Mrs. Ward was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Patrick Ward, in retaliation for the wife's injuries, returned to Spilane's saloon, and threw a brick at Mrs. Mary Spilane, cutting her head open. He was arrested.

Half an hour later Thomas Brennan and John King, boys living at 529 West Thirty-ninth street, were talk-

ing outside the front door about the Spilane-Ward trouble, and an unknown man came up behind them, and, without saying a word, stabbed them both in the back. Brennan was badly wounded.

### Shocking Case of Infanticide.

LYNN, Mass., May 23.—Nothing since the trunk tragedy has caused so much excitement here as the arrest to-day of John Biddle and Carrie Proctor for the murder of their one-day old illegitimate babe on Saturday last. Biddle keeps a bar-room on Main

street, and some time since seduced Carrie, who is a good-looking girl of twenty, and of good family. The result of their criminal intercourse was the birth of a fine healthy girl, which the hard-hearted parents determined to put out of the world on Friday last.

In accordance with the design, the wicked pair went out to ride in a buggy with the child on Saturday, and on reaching a secluded spot in Malden, a few miles off, Biddle deliberately proceeded to strangle the little innocent. He choked it, and then threw the body in a patch of woods and then drove back to town.

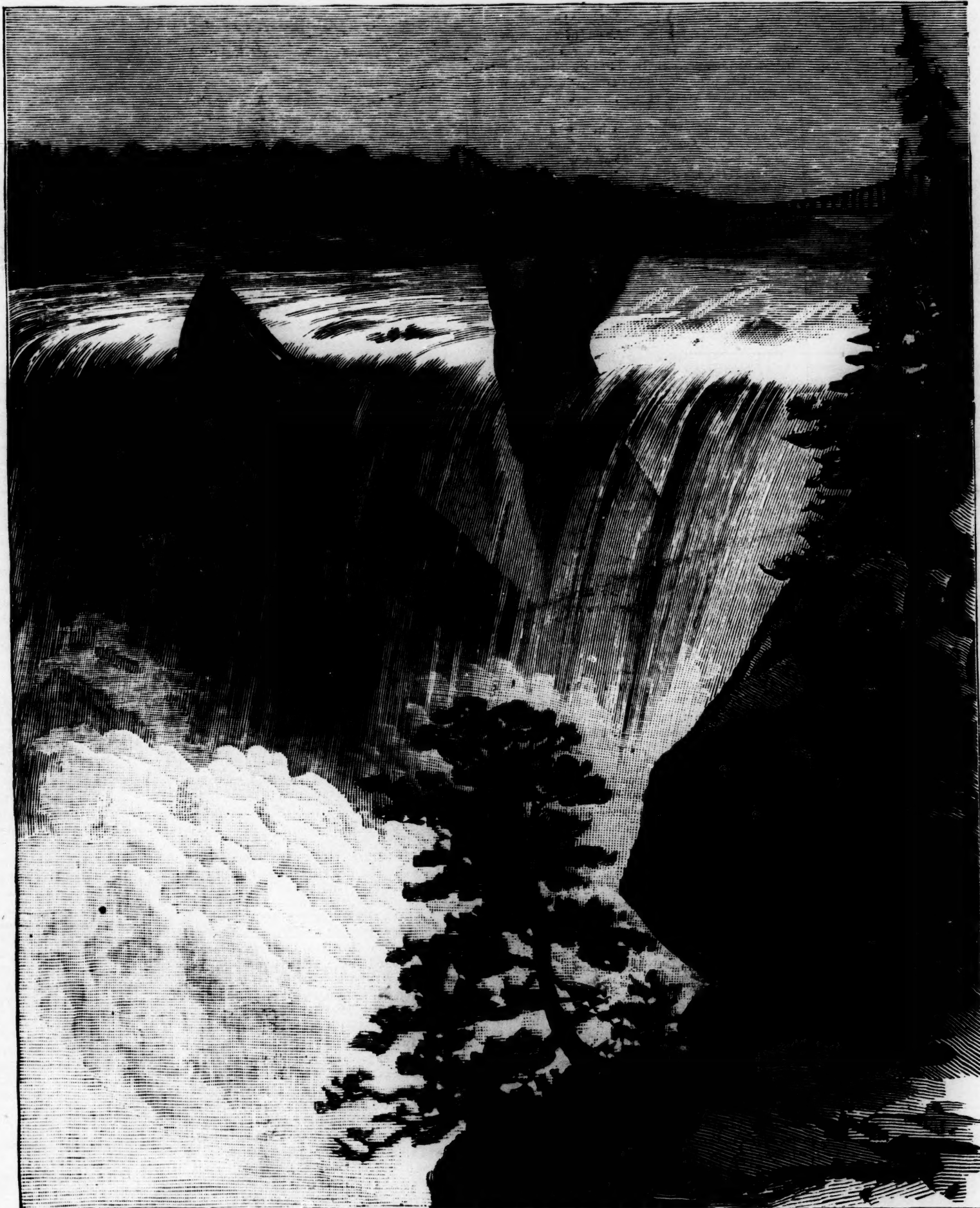
The body was found in a few hours after with the finger-marks still fresh on its throat, and showed unmistakable evidence that the strangulation had been imperfect, and that death was the result of the injury inflicted. The presence of a buggy near the place where the body was found furnished a clew to the officers, who arrested Biddle early this morning at his father's house, at North Saugus. He tried to laugh the matter off, and denied being in Lynn on Saturday. The arrest of the girl this afternoon at Danvers removed all doubt of his guilt. She acknowledged that she was the mother of the child, which was born at Biddle's sister's house, in Chelsea, and charged him with being her seducer and the father of the child, and that he killed it in her presence. Both father and mother have been locked up on the charge of murder.

### Execution of a Murderer in England.

LONDON, May 26.—To-day at eight o'clock Katherine Churchill was executed in the jail at Taunton, Somersetshire. She was convicted of the murder of her husband, at Isahard, at the spring assizes at Taunton. The executioner was Marwood, who came down from London on the requisition of the sheriff. The execution was conducted with even more than the usual degree of privacy.

No one was present save the officers of the jail, the chaplain and the executioner. The body was buried with quick-lime within the precincts of the prison. A large crowd of persons had assembled in front of the prison. At the moment of the execution a black flag was displayed above the roof.

John McGary, a sailor, had a quarrel with his wife on the night of the 27th, in Jersey City, during which he stabbed her several times, probably fatally. Then he tried to kill himself.



HURLED OVER NIAGARA—"PI" WALKER, A NOTED CHARACTER AT THE FALLS, ATTEMPTS TO CROSS THE RIVER IN A BOAT, WHILE INTOXICATED, BUT BECOMES HELPLESSLY ENTANGLED IN THE RAPIDS AND IS SWEEPED OVER THE GREAT CATARACT BEFORE THE EYES OF HUNDREDS OF HORRIFIED SPECTATORS.—SEE PAGE 5.



TROY DYE, EX-ADMINISTRATOR OF SACRAMENTO, INSTIGATOR OF THE CRIME; SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED MAY 29.



ED. ANDERSON, DYE'S HIRED ASSASSIN, SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED FOR HIS CRIME MAY 29.



A. M. TULLIS, MURDERED BY ED. ANDERSON AND HIS ACCOMPLICE AT THE INSTIGATION OF DYE, AUGUST 1st, 1878.

THE GRAND ISLAND, CAL., TRAGEDY.—SEE PAGE 6.



## HURLED OVER NIAGARA.

Appalling Death of an Intoxicated Boatman who, in a Reckless Attempt to Cross the River, is Caught in the Rapids and Swept Down the Awful Cataract.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 25.—A terrible tragedy was enacted at Niagara Falls this afternoon, in the presence of about five hundred people, when "Pi" Walker, a noted smuggler and river pirate, went over the Falls before their horrified gaze. The Erie railroad had gotten up a special Sunday excursion from Buffalo, which was patronized by a large number of people, and Goat Island, Prospect Park and the shore near the Cataract House was covered with sightseers. Suddenly some one on the shore opposite the upper end of Goat Island raised the awful cry of warning, "A man in the rapids!" and as the people flocked to the edge of the water they saw a small boat, with a single occupant, slowly being sucked into the white water.

The man was rowing for all he was worth, but he seemed to be dazed either with fear or intoxication, and he was unable to make much headway. Suddenly the oarsman "caught a crab," his oar flew out of the rowlocks, his head went down and he lay at length in the bottom of the boat. The boat then turned its prow down stream and began to

## DESCEND THE RAPIDS OF THE AMERICAN FALLS.

Its pace grew more and more swift until it finally struck a rock about two inches from the surface, and stopped, and began slowly to twist and turn in the eddying current.

The crowd screamed to the man to jump out and cling to the rock, and the wildest excitement was manifested upon the shore. But he still lay in the bottom of the boat and made no apparent attempts to do so. A dozen schemes of rescue flashed through the minds of the spectators, and two old guides had already started on a run up the stream to procure rope and another boat, when the boat swung round and once more felt the force of the current, and now began its mad plunge to destruction.

The surging water caught the light skiff in its clutches as though it were a feather, and bore it downward like a salmon, bow forward, on

## A MAD AND DIZZY PACE.

But only for a few rods; then a second rock obscured the way, and with a crash the light boat struck against it and parted in twain, the port side going all to pieces, while the starboard was not so badly damaged. The body of the man was flung headlong into the eddying maelstrom, sucked under for a moment and then tossed to the surface just above the bridge which leads to Goat Island. He threw his arms wildly into the air, and those who were on the bridge saw for an instant a white and haggard face set in the agony of despair; then he was again drawn below the surface, never to reappear on this side of eternity. Those who saw this sickening spectacle will never forget its especially horrible features.

## THERE WAS SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY SUBLIME IN THE RELENTLESS GRASP OF THE HURRYING WATERS.

They fairly seemed to rend the man limb from limb and old guides who witnessed the catastrophe say that the body never will be found in a whole condition; that it was literally ground to pieces against the jagged edge of the boulders against which it was tossed.

As soon as the tragedy was completed and the pent-up feelings of the spectators had found relief into exclamation, the question arose, "Who was the victim?"

The answer was not long in coming, for many had seen the face above the rapids and not a few recognized it as belonging to "Pi" Walker, one of the

## BEST KNOWN CHARACTERS ABOUT THE FALLS.

All doubt on this score was removed soon afterwards, when a man came running down from the village of Port Day and asked after the drowned man, saying that he had left there shortly before in his skiff in



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS LIZZIE WEBSTER, THE BEAUTIFUL AND POPULAR BURLESQUE ARTISTE.—SEE PAGE 2.

quite an intoxicated condition, and he had been seen going so close to the rapids that it was feared he had gone over the rapids.

"Pi" has been on a bad spree to-day," said the man. "He went over to one of the small islands near Port Day with a friend and they had a keg of beer between them, which, I guess, is not very full now; then he came back to Port Day and then started down the river, it is thought, to row to Goat Island. He was very drunk when he left, and could hardly manage his boat."

When the man was informed that Walker had gone over the falls his excitement passed all bounds

## A BRAVE WOMAN.

Near the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Spain and Portugal, Theresa Maria, who was carrying her husband's dinner to him in the fields, was told by a little shepherd-boy that a wolf was prowling about the place. Wishing to see one for the first time in her life, she put down her basket and climbed up to a high place to which the boy directed her. There she saw the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. The shepherd boy began shouting and throwing stones, to see whether it would let go its prey, and the wolf in its fury then attacked the poor little fellow, jumping up at his face, tearing the flesh from his jaws, and throwing him upon the ground. The woman, seeing the boy's imminent danger, in an impulse of heroic self-devotion, ran on the wolf wholly unarmed, seized tight hold of him, and then, after a struggle, contrived to blind him with a stone, and eventually kill him. Meanwhile the boy whom she had rescued ran, wounded as he was, to seek help in the village. While several villagers were coming up, armed with gun-stones and sticks, to kill the beast and save the woman from its fangs, she was returning to the village covered with blood, and with her arms, hands and face terribly wounded. She said that at times she was on the point of being overcome, but contrived to keep the animal's throat in the close hold of her left arm, while hitting him hard on the head with a stone which she was able to pick up. She was taken to the Niza Hospital. A month after she died there of her wounds, and the shepherd-boy has since died of hydrophobia.

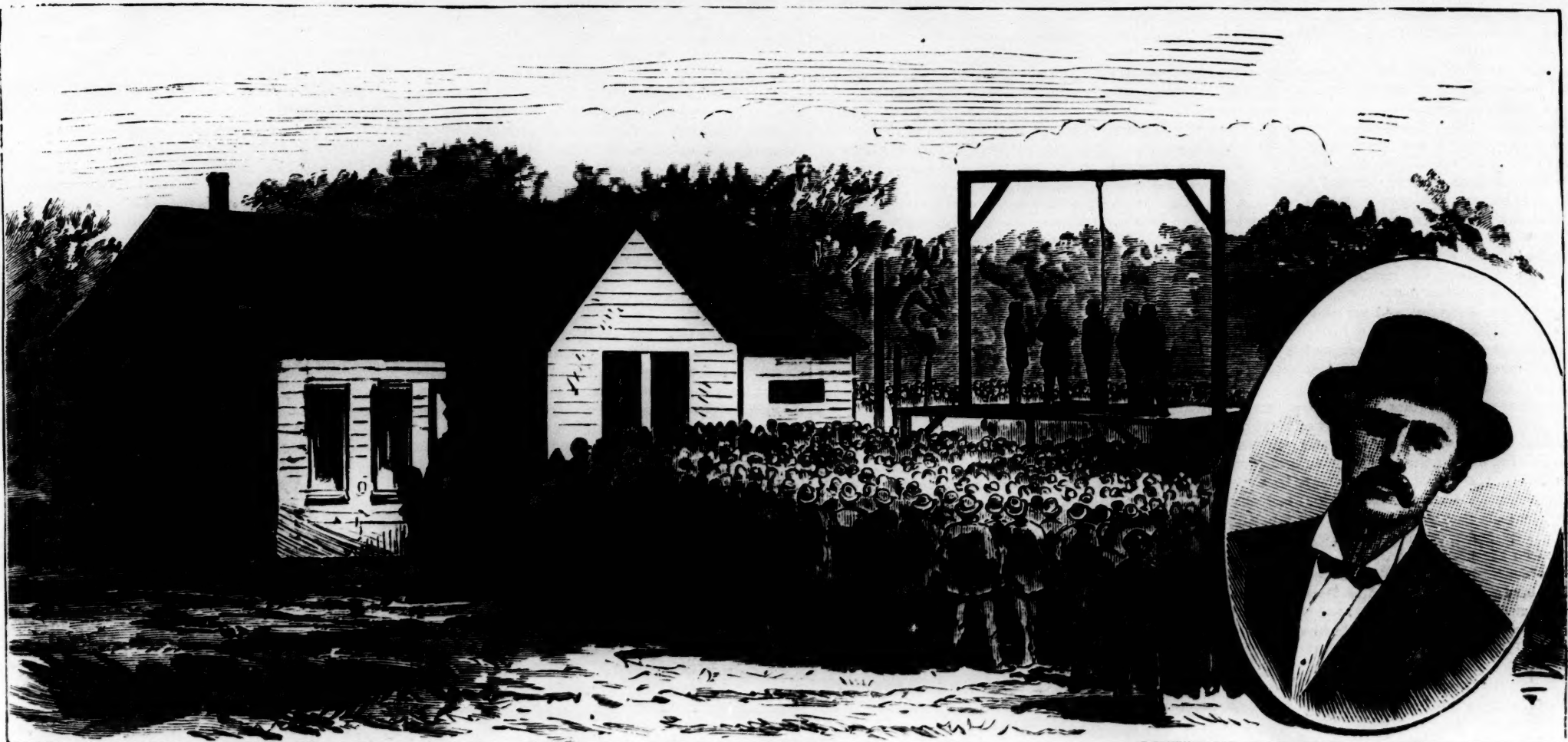
## A DEPLORABLE TRAGEDY.

KINGSTON, N. C., May 22.—A fatal shooting affair occurred here to-day, growing out of an alleged seduction of a young lady of highly respectable parentage. Hiram Overton met Bath Wirt on the streets and charged him with the ruin of a young girl living in his house. Wirt denied the charge, and asserted that he knew nothing of the matter. Overton called him a liar and a scoundrel. Wirt caught his accuser by the coat and told him that if he didn't retract the opprobrious language that he would shoot him. The outraged uncle of the girl refused, whereupon Wirt drew a pistol. Overton started to run, but was pursued by Wirt, who fired three shots at him, one passing through the body of the pursued man. The other two lodged in his back. Overton fell to the ground, exclaiming, "I am ruined, but I'll never take it back, I'll be d-d if I do." The wounded man died to-night. Both of the parties are highly connected.

## A SERPENT IN THE PULPIT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Animal life stirs early down along the Gulf. During his sermon at one of the country churches near Butler, Ga., on a recent Sunday evening the minister observed that his congregation was much excited. He slammed to the covers of the Bible, and, in obedience to frantic gestures of the brethren, looked behind him. There, crawling down the ceiling of the pulpit was a large serpent, its forked tongue darting angrily in and out. The congregation stepped forward and bruised the serpent's head.



EXECUTION OF ORLANDO CASSLER, MURDERER OF GEORGE L. MONROE, AT SEWARD, NEB., IN THE PRESENCE OF AN IMMENSE ASSEMBLAGE, WHO HAD TORN DOWN THE WOODEN ENCLOSURE ABOUT THE SCAFFOLD.—[FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS, SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE GAZETTE.—SEE PAGE 11]



## A FEMALE ROMEO.

Her Terrible Love for a Chosen Friend of  
Her Own Alleged Sex Assumes a  
Passionate Character that  
BLAZES INTO JEALOUSY

Of so Fierce a Quality that it Fires Her to  
the Sacrifice of the Life of the Object  
of Her Unnatural Passion.

## A QUEER PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

POCOMOKE CITY, Md., May 28.—The sad tragedy of last November, in which Miss Ella Hearn, a beautiful young girl just blooming into womanhood, lost her life, accidentally or designedly, at the hands of her bosom friend, Miss Lily Duer, has again become the paramount topic of interest in this quaint little Eastern Shore town, on account of the trial of Miss Duer on the charge of murder, now in progress at Snow Hill, an indictment having been found against her in the first degree by the grand jury, on the 21st, as she refused to allow a plea of insanity to be put in for her.

The widespread publicity given to the startling tragedy at the time of its occurrence through the press, combined with the remarkable features of the distressing affair, will lend to the trial a remarkable interest that will extend throughout the entire country. Snow Hill is full of strangers and the trial is the sole and absorbing topic of conversation. Public sentiment is divided, with the majority of the opinion that Miss Duer will be acquitted. She is now a prisoner in the National Hotel under the surveillance of the officials. Since her removal to the hotel she has borne her imprisonment with comparative cheerfulness, and is allowed the companionship of her relatives and intimate friends under certain restrictions. Her sister is her constant and devoted attendant. She converses pleasantly on every-day topics and local incidents, but now resolutely refuses to allude even indirectly to the tragedy, which has destroyed the peace and happiness of

## TWO WELL-KNOWN FAMILIES.

Miss Duer spends her time principally in reading, preferring books of a romantic or poetic character. Byron is her favorite poet. Her friends do not think that she fully realizes the gravity of the charge for which she stands indicted. Able counsel are employed for the prosecution and defense, and the trial promises to be memorable in the record of criminal trials, the circumstances surrounding it being stranger in many respects than a French romance. Miss Ella Hearn, the victim, rests peacefully in the old Episcopal churchyard, her grave, as yet, unmarked save by the green sod and a bunch of roses and sweet violets. Miss Hearn was originally from Laurel, Del., where she spent most of her youthful days, and where her pretty face and sweet ways are remembered by a large number of friends and acquaintances. That she was the fairest and most lovely girl in all the country about is the testimony of all who knew her, and her photographs, which are now preserved as interesting mementoes, with all the defects a country artist could make, warrants one in believing that

## SHE WAS REALLY BEAUTIFUL.

Somewhat below the medium height, she possessed a slight, graceful but well-developed figure, and there is a sweet smile lingering about the mouth in the pictures, which is said to have been habitual to her. At the time of her death she was scarcely seventeen. She was a girl of high spirits, and was gay, cheerful and dashing in her disposition. She was highly esteemed among her friends and those who knew her as a young girl of sweet and pure disposition. Although her education was limited to the acquirements possible at the high school at Newtown, she was fairly accomplished, without any brilliant attainments or pretensions.

For some years during the last of her school days she had permitted rather than encouraged a growing intimacy with Miss Lily Duer. The two girls, while not belonging to the "old families," mingled with the best people in town, and were received to some extent in the best circles. Miss Lily Duer is about twenty or twenty-one years of age, and has lived all her life in Newtown. She is by no means pretty, and somewhat awkward in her movements, as though her female habiliments trampled her, and she would be better able to get about in male attire. Her eyes are large and unfinishing, she meets your gaze with a steady, firm, somewhat defiant stare. The face is rather thin and clearly cut, and her forehead is strikingly high and broad. Her thin lips close tightly, which causes the firmness of her expression to

## STRIKE THE OBSERVER AT ONCE.

With short and very dark hair parted at the side, she wears a roll at the top of her head. Altogether the face is one which would not fail to excite interest anywhere. She talks quite intelligently and with ease, appears to have entire confidence in herself and acts as though she would much prefer to be a man than a woman. During last spring and summer the two girls were constantly together, much like sisters. Miss Duer appears to have obtained a mastery over her more womanly but weaker-minded companion, and it was an affection more mixed with fear than love that controlled Miss Hearn's actions.

It seems strange that she could love such an unsexed being as Miss Duer appears, from what is told of her, to be. She would smoke with the *sans froid* of a Frenchman, and even was fond of tobacco in its other forms. Her dresses were always worn short, and a little jacket with inside pockets, like a boy's, filled with tobacco or licorice, with a boy's hat, which she always tipped when acknowledging a salute, composed the most striking articles of her usual costume.

The young girls with whom she associated tell numerous stories of

## HER CURIOUS IDIOSYNCRASIES.

She never cared for the society of the sterner sex and would make hot love like a Romeo to her female friends. Sometimes they would laugh these strange fancies away, at others she would frighten them with her vehemence and they would run away from her. She was always a mystery, and a young lady who knew her well says that it was a favorite theory of hers that two women could be quite as happy and get along quite as well married as a woman and a man. In all outdoor sports she excelled all her lady friends, and could jump, shout, and play base ball as well as any young man in the town. She always carried a pistol and was an expert shot.

There was a reception at one of the country houses near the town at which Miss Duer was present. Miss Duer was during the afternoon exhibiting her skill with the pistol, when a lady present rather curtly said that such sport was in no way becoming a woman. Miss Duer said nothing at the time; but the next day wrote a challenge to the fair critic of her target sport, insisting that the insult should

## BE WIPED OUT IN BLOOD.

She further demanded that time, place and weapons should be named. No notice was taken of the message, and Miss Duer was about to have the lady "posted" as a coward, strictly according to the code *duello*, but was dissuaded by her friends, and the matter dropped. It is said that all of her dresses were made with a pocket for her pistol, and it is certain that she always carried one and was fond of using it. But with all these peculiarities she was looked upon in Pocomoke as a bright, intelligent woman, with queer notions, which time would correct.

The tragedy occurred on the 5th of November last. The professed friendship of Miss Duer had become very unpleasant to Miss Hearn, and every effort was made to break off the acquaintance. Miss Duer chafed at this, and would frequently upbraid her "dearest friend" for the coldness of her manner and the evident weakness of her affection. The truth was that Miss Hearn had reason to fear that her life was not safe while with her. Upon one occasion while the two girls were in the woods gathering fallen leaves for decorative purposes, Miss Hearn started home some distance ahead of her companion, when she called upon her to wait. Not obtaining instant obedience to her somewhat abrupt command she called again quite sharply. This second summons was not heeded, when, without warning, Miss Duer pulled out her pistol and shot twice directly at the now thoroughly frightened girl. When asked why she shot, the only reply was that if she had not halted then the next shot

## WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE EFFECTIVE.

From that time Miss Hearn began to be seriously alarmed when in company with her friend, and on one occasion it is related when she, with strange vehemence, asked Miss Hearn if she did not love her and went so far as to actually propose that they should get married she fled from the parlor, where they had been talking, and locked herself in her room. These little difficulties were gotten over finally, however, and the intimacy was renewed, but not so warmly as before. Miss Duer was constantly complaining that "her passionate love was not returned" and sighing over her "lost hopes of bliss with her dearest friend when they would be always together." There was a young man of the town who about this time began to pay marked attention to Miss Hearn, about which Miss Duer remonstrated with her in the most passionate manner, telling her that she would shoot the man that took her friend from her. A Miss Foster was also a friend whom Miss Hearn was very fond of, and the two began to be very close friends. On the morning of the 4th of November Miss Foster and Miss Hearn had taken a walk together, and upon her return home she found a note from Miss Duer requesting her to call at her house, as she wished to see her urgently. Late in the afternoon she went with her little sister, and when the two met Miss Duer asked Miss Hearn to take a walk the next day with her in the woods. With the fear of a possible repetition of the former shooting in her mind, she very decidedly refused. This appeared to arouse all the fire of

## JEALOUSY OF MISS DUE'S NATURE.

She passionately and upon her knees begged that her request might be complied with, but in vain.

The next day, at an early hour, Miss Duer called at Miss Hearn's house and was shown into the sitting-room where the latter was sitting with her mother. The conversation that occurred in the room was of a general nature, and nothing was said there of the walk. When Miss Duer was about to go Mrs. Hearn requested her daughter to accompany her to the door, and the two girls passed out into the passage. After a few moments had elapsed a shot was heard and Miss Hearn rushed back into the room with the blood streaming from a pistol shot in the mouth. She was immediately placed under medical treatment, when it was discovered that the ball had entered the mouth and lodged about an inch deep near the right upper jaw. Miss Duer had followed her in with a smoking pistol in her hand, but did not remain long. A young man named Clark was near the house and heard the shot, and when he appeared Miss Hearn was lying upon the sofa in the sitting-room, while Miss Duer, in a frantic manner, was rushing about, crying wildly, "I have shot her! Oh, my God, she will die!" Miss Hearn lingered for a long time between life and death, being at times

## DELIRIOUS AND RAVING.

She would hold up her right arm before her face in her moments of mental derangement, calling out nervously, "Lily, don't shoot, please don't shoot me; I will go with you and always love you." The arm had been bandaged on account of a severe burn, supposed to have been caused by the flash of powder when she was shot.

Miss Hearn lingered between life and death for a month, and at one time seemed in a fair way for recovery, when suddenly she became rapidly worse, and died peacefully and quietly. The coroner's jury who sat on the case were not unfavorably disposed to the

accused and returned a verdict that "the deceased came to her death from nervous depression caused by a shot from a pistol in the hands of Miss Lily Duer." Miss Duer then gave bail in \$2,500 for trial.

A full statement of the circumstances of the shooting was detailed to the grand jury by a lady who attended Miss Hearn for some time previous to her death. During a lucid interval Miss Hearn talked to her a good deal about it and

## RELATED HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

The substance of that statement is as follows: As soon as the door of the sitting-room had been closed, on the fatal morning when Miss Duer called at Miss Hearn's house for an explanation of the "coldness" of the latter, who had accompanied her alone to the hall, as described above, Miss Duer, turning about, looked at her intensely for a moment and said, "Ella, why will you not walk out with me? Do you not love me?" "Oh, yes, I love you," said Miss Hearn, "but I am afraid of you." "Do you love Mr. —?" To this question she received no reply, when she became very much excited and spoke again quickly. "Do you love Miss Foster better than you do me?" The answer was "Yes!" This appeared to terribly excite Miss Duer, and she rushed wildly about in a terrible state of excitement. "Don't say that, Ella; don't say that," she kept repeating, while Miss Hearn stood rooted to the spot by the vehemence of her manner. Presently Miss Duer came close to her and said, "If you say that again I will shoot you," and took out her pistol and cocked it. Then she appeared to become more calm and seemed to want to "make up" with her now thoroughly frightened friend. She attempted to kiss her, but was repulsed by Miss Hearn, who put out her arms to warn her off. This caused her to slip and fall upon her knees.

## SHE WAS THEN FURIOUS.

She gave me such a fearful look that I shall never forget it in my dying day," said Miss Hearn in relating the circumstances. "She pointed the pistol right at my head. I held up my arm to warn it off, and I cried out, 'Oh! don't shoot me, please, Lily; don't shoot me, I will go with you, I will love you.'" But it was too late, and the next second the pistol was fired and the ball had done its deadly work.

Miss Duer, on her part, has declared that the shooting was purely accidental. She says: "I called to see Ella for the purpose of taking a walk. She did not wish to go. I begged her. She refused. I then wanted to kiss her. I had the pistol in my hand after giving up the attempt to kiss her, and was looking at the cartridges counting them, when the pistol went off. I am not a murderer. I visited her twice during her illness. The first time she heard my voice and called me. I went into the room and she received me by putting her arms around my neck. Then she said, 'Lily, what's the matter with me?' I told her that she was hurt. 'Who hurt me?' she asked. 'I, Ella,' I replied.

## 'IT WAS I WHO DID IT.'

'Then you did not do it purposely, did you?' Miss Duer denies the statement which has been circulated that she had left Pocomoke City for Baltimore in male attire.

Miss Hearn's statement will probably be ruled out, although it is not improbable that, if it can be proved that her statement to her father to whom she is said to have reluctantly admitted that she knew the shooting to have been done designedly and not accidentally, was made when she knew that she was about to die, it will be admitted, and if, as the defense will find it difficult to save her, for a dying declaration in the knowledge or belief of approaching death is very strong legal evidence, and as there were no other witnesses to the shooting and Miss Duer cannot testify, the former's statement will be hard to disprove, if not impossible. Still it is the general belief that she will not be convicted or that, at the worst, the conviction will not exceed manslaughter.

The line of defense will be not that the accused fired in a frenzy, but that the shooting was accidental and without motive, and that her possession of a pistol, however foreign it was to the strict laws of taste, was an habitual possession.

## The Grand Island Tragedy.

[With Portraits.]

The murder of A. M. Tullis, a very wealthy California landed proprietor, on his ranch on Grand Island, in the Sacramento river, in that state, on August 1st, 1878, of which a full account has been given in our columns, was one of the strangest crimes, regarding the governing motive and the character of the conspiracy involved, to be found in the criminal records of the age. Troy Dye, public administrator of Sacramento county, had been Tullis's friend and neighbor for twelve years, and was well acquainted with his business affairs. Finding his office of administrator not very profitable, he deliberately determined upon the murder of Tullis, because, as he had no heirs, the administration of his property would be sure to accrue largely to his profit. He accordingly engaged two men, named Anderson and Clark, to murder Tullis. The two assassins proceeded to Tullis's ranch on the night of August 1st and murdered him in his orchard by knocking him down with sand bags and shooting him with revolvers. Dye met them on their return from their bloody mission, and the trio spent the rest of the night in drunken rioting over the success of their nefarious plot.

Suspicion was directed to them shortly afterwards, and Dye and Anderson, on being arrested, made a full confession of their guilt. They were sentenced to death for the crime, but Dye having recently exhibited symptoms of unsoundness of mind, whether real or feigned, a sheriff's jury was impaneled to try the question of his sanity. This jury returned a verdict giving their belief that he was sane. Dye and his accessory were condemned to be hanged on Thursday, May 29, and the sentence was carried out on that day. Dye broke down completely and made a most pitiable exhibition of weakness.

Authentic portraits of the two assassins and their victim are given elsewhere.

## ENGLISH JUSTICE.

A Suspicion, Expressed by a True-Born Briton that, in Spite of National Boasting, a System that Converts an Estimable Member, of Society into a Convict for Avenging a Ruined Home and a Daughter's Wrongs, Isn't much to Boast of After all.

English justice, says the London *Telegraph*, strives to be just and pure, and English judges in our day administer the law with an uprightness and a sense of duty which have elevated the bench above all reach of suspicion. Yet English justice and English judges are human and fallible, and sometimes even in their most merciful hour they commit unavoidable wrongs. They have committed such a wrong, we believe, in the recent instance of Henry Pace, and this, notwithstanding the apparently lenient sentence which was passed upon him by Lord Coleridge for the manslaughter of Maurice Cole.

Not the tenth or the twentieth part of the pathos in the tragic idyl which we publish could, by any possibility, have come out at the trial. Now for the first time the public learns that in Henry Pace there appeared at the bar of his country's justice a most creditable representative of English artistry. No ignorant idler, no organizer of strikes, no pot-house frequenter is this

## SKILLFUL AND FRUGAL FOREMAN.

Cheerful at his labor, happy and affectionate in his home; bringing up his many children, as far as he could, to be like him and to do their duty, the convict now toiling at shameful prison tasks was as good and useful a subject as her Majesty possessed. Though he began his day's work in Clerkenwell at six o'clock every morning, he had taken a cottage amid the fresh country air for his loved ones as far away as two miles beyond Oakley Park station, and counted the daily tramp to and fro as nothing so that he might keep them all well and hearty. He did not call his wife and eight living children, as some do, "incumbrances;" they were the delight of his honest life; and he made room in his home besides for his old father, and, in a most evil hour, for a friend and fellow workman. Let it be judged how dear to such a man must have been his handsome eldest girl, the first child of his youthful marriage; and let it be also judged, while the tale is read, what thoughts, what memories must have been in the betrayed father's heart in that fatal moment when he spoke alone with Maurice Cole for the last of many bitter times, and when the gathered agony of his sorrow and shame broke forth in the

## LIGHTNING FLASH OF A DEATH-BLOW.

Out of good nature and comradeship Pace took his younger fellow-workman down to the pretty country cottage; a showy, plausible fellow, glib and unscrupulous, who quickly wrought the ruin of this peaceful home by means of its very innocence and hospitality. Liar, knave and practiced debauchee, this Maurice Cole stands forth as the type of the clever but bad English artisan, as Henry Pace represents the good and steadfast worker. What followed is so faithfully and thoroughly set forth in our narrative that we have no need to recapitulate the too familiar steps by which the daughter's heart was first estranged from her accepted lover, and then from her father and family, to be cast away upon this inhuman animal. Only when all these new particulars are mastered can the public sense of justice begin to place itself within the heart of this brave and suffering father, and to think from his tortured mind. His generosity repaid by treachery, his happy hearth despoiled, his child estranged, his household honor mocked, his life-long efforts overthrown, and, to crown all these things, which had already changed his very nature, the sudden knowledge that his girl was to become the mother of a bastard, and the discovery that the insolent cause of this disgrace was far too familiar with such matters to do more than laugh the father off when he demanded that Cole should

## MAKE A WIFE OF HIS VICTIM.

In the picture which we present of Pace's state of mind, after all became known, exists a revelation of the havoc which anguish and dishonor can wreak upon a strong, upright man, clearer and completer than is furnished by any sensational fiction. His kind and honest mind was not, indeed, overthrown, but it was tempest-tossed and furious on the fatal day. He had not slept; he had not touched food; he kissed his baby, but turned without a good-bye from the wife he loved so well, as he strode out of the cottage to the work-shop where he must meet Maurice Cole. Yet, knowing he must meet the betrayer, this convicted prisoner carried no lethal weapon and cherished, even then, no violent intention. It was only when he confronted Cole face to face, amid the whirling machinery, and something passed between them—a plea, an entreaty, perchance, on the one side, and a jeer, an insult on the other—that the affronted manhood in Pace leaped from his burning blood to

## HIS VICIOUS ARM.

In his hand was the iron spanner just used in turning an engine nut—not a weapon of a man-slayer, but the implement and symbol of his manful toil, of that toil so outraged, robbed and ruined. Was it manslaughter in any but a merely formal and legal sense which, before reason and self-restraint could whisper calmness to the father's instinct, drove that avenging iron through the villain's forehead? It is a bold, and might be, under any other circumstances, a dangerous thing to say, but Henry Pace's deed was, except technically, not so much a crime as an offense against human law. It has so been punished; but while the convict in jail is condemned, the friendliness and patience of that good husband may be faithfully laid against the righteous indignation of the father who loved his daughter, even in her shame, with a devotion that knew no bounds.

Two colored base ball clubs in Florida had a free fight a few days since in which two persons were killed and several wounded.



## A JUMBLED JURY.

Unexpected Verdict of the Twelve Wiseacres  
who were Sworn to Try the Smith-  
Bennett Murder Case

## ON THE EVIDENCE ALONE,

But Whose Previously Formed Prejudices so  
Muddled Their Perceptions that They  
Render a Verdict Which

## SHOCKS THE COMMON SENTIMENT.

The trial of Jennie Smith and "Cove" Bennett, which closed on the 24th ult., in Jersey City, was one of the most remarkable ever held in the state of New Jersey. In the large audience assembled to witness the closing scenes were several prominent clergymen. The interest taken in the trial throughout has been very great, and much sympathy has been expressed on all sides for the accused. When the latter were led into court the haggard and anxious expression of their faces showed a suspense that they were enduring. Mrs. Smith's features were only imperfectly visible through the heavy folds of her crape veil, except when she raised it occasionally as she sat fanning herself. The Rev. Dr. Rice, the pastor of Grace Church, who, since their arrest, has acted as spiritual adviser for the prisoners, occupied a chair between them and spoke to them both. After the jury had entered, Judge Knapp took his place on the bench, accompanied by Chief Justice Garretson and Justices Brinkerhoff and Fry of the court of common pleas. Attorney General John P. Stockton continued his address to the jury.

## IN BEHALF OF THE STATE.

He said that a strong plea had been made by the counsel for the defense for mercy, but if there was any error in the result of the jury's deliberations the provisions of the law were sufficiently merciful—in fact, more merciful than wise. In conclusion he declared that everything pointed to the guilt of the two defendants.

At the conclusion of the attorney general's speech, Judge Knapp charged the jury. "The accusation," he said, "is against these two defendants. The indictment charges them jointly and severally. Under it either or both may be acquitted or convicted. The state is required to establish its case. She assumes the obligation of proving the charges which she makes against her citizens. She engages, furthermore, to prove the charges in such an ample and sufficient manner as to remove all reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the accused persons. Judge Knapp proceeded to review the evidence to a considerable length, the tenor of his remarks being generally regarded as

## STRONGLY AGAINST THE ACCUSED.

He pointed to the motive of the crime in the illicit relations acknowledged to have existed between them and as to Bennett's alibi, asserted that Mrs. Rice's testimony in support of it was too confused to be of any value. "The entire testimony against Bennett," said the judge, "must be made in the light of the eight-page letter. That letter is really the only thing that connects him with this crime. Is it a confession of guilt? Have the defendants explained it satisfactorily? These questions you must answer."

The court declared that the absence of blood on the garments of Mrs. Smith should not be looked at in the light of her ignorance of the crime, but ought to weigh heavily against her. In closing, the court directed the jury not to be deterred by fear or sympathy in their deliberations. At twenty-five minutes after twelve the jury retired, after which the prisoners were conducted to the jail. The female portion of the audience remained seated in the gallery, but the men and boys who occupied the range of wooden benches on the floor of the court-room rushed out after the prisoners. The judges, Attorney-General Stockton and Prosecutor McGill retired to the judges' private chambers, where they had a light lunch. The counsel for the defendants lingered around the court-house for over an hour. Then Mr. Winfield and Mr. Hoffman, thinking that a verdict would not be reached that day came over to this city on business.

The first ballot taken resulted in 9 votes for conviction and 3 for acquittal. The foreman, on a discussion arising as to the feasibility of a man's forcing his body through the aperture in the floor of the closet, sent for a foot rule, with which and the assistance of a diagram he illustrated his views on the subject. The second ballot stood 11 to 1 for conviction, and on the third, which was taken after a brief interval, the jury unanimously

## DECLARED THE DEFENDANTS GUILTY.

No sooner had they arrived at this decision than the report of their agreement spread with astonishing rapidity through the court-room and to the throngs that lingered around the steps and corridors of the building. Sheriff Toffey had taken every precaution against disorder, but it was impossible to restrain the excited throng that besieged the door of the court-room. The constables tried for a while to check the throng by closing the door, but it soon became evident that either the door must be opened or it must be broken down. The officer in charge opened it, and an indiscriminate rush of men, women and children into the aisles followed. In their eager haste to obtain positions they pulled and shoved each other without regard to age or sex. After the audience had been seated a delay of several minutes occurred. At forty-five minutes past three o'clock the defendants entered the court-room and were led to their accustomed chairs. Bennett, however, arose almost immediately, and walking with a quick step around the table, threw himself carelessly into a chair next but one to that occupied by Mrs. Smith.

## NEITHER SHOWED ANY EMOTION.

"Bring in the jury," said Judge Knapp.

Slowly the twelve men, preceded and followed by a posse of constables bearing their official staffs, marched into the court-room. The face of Foreman Dudley expressed the verdict, and tears stood in the eyes of several other jurors. After they had entered their box Clerk Fisher directed them and the prisoners to stand up. Mrs. Smith and Bennett arose. Their chairs were within a yard of the sixth juror.

"Gentlemen of the jury," proceeded the clerk, "look upon the prisoners. Prisoners, look upon the jury. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," announced Foreman Dudley, glancing at the defendants.

"Mr. Foreman," the clerk continued, "how say you; do you find the prisoners at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

A pause, in which the faintest sound could be heard, followed for a second. "Guilty!" replied the foreman, in a deep voice, that reached the lobby outside the court-room. The women in the gallery made a loud exclamation. Some of them burst into tears and began crying and moaning piteously. Two women becoming hysterical, fainted. The prisoners alone were imperturbable. On hearing the verdict they quietly resumed their seats until they were

## REMAINED TO JAIL.

As only two of the defendants' counsel, Messrs. Collins and Flemming, were present, the state did not move for sentence.

In jail Mrs. Smith and Bennett were afterward visited by their counsel. Bennett's quarters are on the ground floor, while Mrs. Smith is imprisoned on the second story. They declined to see any callers except their lawyers and their spiritual adviser. Jailor Allen says that he never before witnessed anything like the remarkable indifference of the prisoners. They seemed entirely unconscious of their position.

A strong feeling of sympathy has sprung up for the accused since their conviction on account of the general sentiment that the verdict was not justified by the evidence, whatever the opinion as to their actual guilt may be. It is more than probable that a new trial will be given them in obedience to this sentiment.

The Rev. Spencer M. Rice, the pastor of Grace Church, ex-Mayer Charles Siedler, ex-Congressman A. A. Hardenburgh, Postmaster H. A. Greene, ex-Corporation Attorney William P. Douglass and G. W. Clerkhow, Esq., published a card in Jersey City on the 27th, addressed to the people of Jersey City, and requesting that subscriptions be sent to Dr. Rice to raise a fund to pay for a new trial. About \$500 is wanted to get the case in shape.

## A BUCOLIC BRUTE.

Sickening Revelations of a Rural Father's  
Unnatural Relations With His Young  
Daughter.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., May 22.—A case of alleged incestuous intimacy between a father and his own daughter has come to light in the country, about eight miles back of Belleville, a town sixteen miles below this city, shocking the community from center to circumference. The name of the alleged perpetrator is Frank Boswell, who is a farmer, and the head of a family, consisting of a wife and six children. The victim is a young girl, about fifteen years of age, and is very handsome, but evidently very ignorant. She is now *en route*. Her condition first caused certain parties in the neighborhood to suspect a young man who had been in the habit of visiting at the house, but a few weeks ago a neighbor, from various other causes and the known desperate and wicked character of Boswell, came to suspect that there was a criminal intimacy between the father and his daughter. He watched them on different occasions, and on the 15th inst. caught them, as he declares in the warrant, in *flagrante delicto*.

## IN A STRIP OF WOODS NEAR THE FARM-HOUSE.

He, for some reason, postponed getting out the warrant for several days, but came to this city yesterday and swore out the warrant before Justice Davis. Officers Staggs and Beckwith took a two-horse wagon and went to Belleville last night, and, taking several parties from that town as guides, started for Boswell's place, where they arrived about three o'clock this morning. The house was surrounded and admittance demanded, when a woman from the interior declared that he was gone. When asked who she meant, she said, "Mr. Boswell." The officers entered the house and searched it—an easy job, as it was a little shanty, about fifteen by twenty, consisting of one room and a loft. The bird had flown, and had been gone some time.

The officers interrogated the girl as to the truth of the charge, but, being frightened by threats from her father in telling the truth, she bitterly denied that she ever had criminal intercourse with her, and finally denied that she had ever been criminally intimate with any one. When convinced that her condition was apparent, she charged a young man in the neighborhood with being

## THE FATHER OF HER UNBORN CHILD.

The flight of her father, together with other incidents and testimony in the case, is sufficiently strong to convince the neighborhood, which, the officers state, is greatly excited over the horrible crime, and would mete out summary vengeance upon the unnatural father if they once lay their hands upon him. His escape is believed to be but temporary, as the officers of the neighborhood are on his track, and, together with the outraged community, will run him to earth before a great while. If caught in the present state of the public mind, a short shift will be given him.

## A Family of Criminals.

MARIETTA, O., May 28.—Sheriff Steadman left for Columbus this morning with five prisoners for the penitentiary, on sentences of three to six years. The wife of one of the prisoners told the sheriff that when he had turned her husband over to the warden at Columbus she would then have in the Ohio Penitentiary two husbands, two brothers and one son.

## THE SILVER LAKE HORROR.

The Mysterious Murder of Poor Annie Degnan in a Fair Way to be Legally Avenged Through the Web of Circumstantial Evidence in which the Murderer Reinhardt Entangled Himself.

## [With Portraits.]

Edward Reinhardt, who killed his wife on Staten Island in July, 1878, and thought to hide his crime by burying her body in a barrel on the shore of Silver Lake, was found guilty of murder on the 23rd ult., and was sentenced to be hanged July 11. The force of circumstantial evidence in the establishment of facts has never been more remarkably slow than in this trial. For a person to be forced by circumstantial evidence to such an admission as Reinhardt made on the witness stand is almost, if not entirely, unknown in the history of criminal proceedings. After fighting the evidence step by step he was placed on the stand, and admitted that the stories about the wheelbarrow, the barrel, and his conveying the body to the place of burial were true. Obviously no such confession would have been made except under absolute compulsion, and the compulsion in this case was the strength of the

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM.

The judge charged the jury on the morning of the 23rd, and forty minutes later a verdict of murder in the first degree was rendered. The judge told the prisoner to stand up, and then said:

"You have been convicted of murder in the first degree. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed on you?"

Reinhardt had a good deal to say and said it fluently, though in a low voice, as follows:

"Well, I have. I did not murder Annie Degnan, or Mrs. Reinhardt, as they call her. She died from the cause of taking medicine herself. I did not instigate her to taking that, nor did I tell her to take that. I have witnesses to prove that she had been to various doctors in Newark, also in New York, which I could not produce at present, for the reason that counsel did not ask me about them, and I did not see him, so that I could tell. I only saw him twice, and I had no time. At least I was too poor to make a great deal of preparations for this trial. I had witnesses and I could not get them here. I did not kill Annie Reinhardt, and I must say Auguste Tegetina did swear falsely as to

## THE DAY OF DIGGING THE HOLE.

I swear that I dug the hole on Saturday morning, between seven and eight o'clock. The blow on the head could be done this way: When I changed the barrel from one wheelbarrow to another the barrel fell off the wheelbarrow on some stones. That fracture could have been caused by falling on some stones. I never struck Annie in my life. I never threatened her in any way. I don't deny that I wanted to conceal the body, for the reason that I had read so much of such cases in the papers. I did not want it to be published. She died between eleven and twelve o'clock that Friday night. At the same time I was in the store packing. About Miss Ditman, the reason that I married her—she can better explain herself. She was the one proposed to. I never proposed it to her. Annie Degnan was not satisfied to live with me. She thought she could do better with her old lover which she had in Newark. She often wanted to go back to him. I did not kill her. This I can all prove if I get a fair show. If I had more money to go to more expense and procure right witnesses, I believe that I would be acquitted to-day."

Reinhardt then claimed that the jury was prejudiced against him

## BECAUSE HE WAS A GERMAN.

He continued: "I can prove that this Annie Degnan, before I was married, before I knew her—about three years—I can prove that she was not a very decent girl. The first time I met her was in a dance-house on a Saturday night. She had been to the doctor very often at various times. I don't know what else I can have to say. If I had got a fair show—I must speak in plain words—I think that I would have been acquitted, according to my evidence. I was not prepared to be tried so quick, nor have it rushed through so fast. I thought the defense would be in a different course altogether, but I see it has turned so very different from what I thought it would. I have nothing more to say, but what I did say I can prove."

Judge Dickman then read the statutory sentence, that the prisoner be taken to prison and there be securely confined until July 11, when he be led to the place of execution, between the hours of nine and twelve of that day, and be hanged by the neck until he is dead.

Portraits of the condemned murderer and of Wm. F. Howe, Esq., the eminent criminal lawyer, who acted as his counsel during the trial, are given elsewhere.

## The Executioner of Paris.

Jean Baptiste Nicholas Roch, the French headman—"Monsieur de Paris," *executeur des hautes oeuvres*, or "Chief of the Executing Pomor," as still others have called him—died a few days ago at Paris, of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-six. He came of a family of headmen, being a descendant of the Rochs, of St. Nicholas de Port, for many generations executioners to the dukes of Lorraine. His father was executioner at Mende (Lozere), and young Roch was apprenticed to his bloody trade at the age of twelve. He soon became assistant at Amiens, then went to Paris and became first assistant to Heindreich, whom he succeeded in 1872. In the course of his career M. Roch took part in about two hundred executions. He officiated at some ninety during his own incumbency, his list between April, 1872, and March, 1878, being seventy-eight. His last execution at Paris was that of the students Barre and Lebiez, the horrible scenes on which occasion, the great crowd behaving with brutal indecency, have led to a movement likely to be successful for private executions. Roch, like his English brother, Marwood, made several improvements in the apparatus of his calling, notably the putting

together of its parts noiselessly with wooden screws, the lowering of the platform almost to the level of the ground and the shielding of the ax with a wooden screen to prevent the glittering of the steel from catching the eye of the condemned man on his issuing from prison.

He proved his forethought in details also by considerably increasing the size of the basket, so that if necessary it could hold four heads. He lived lived at 10 Rue Rochebrune with his family, a wife and seven children, including his eldest daughter, who was married to M. Berger, the first assistant and his probable successor. Roch was a plump, placid, phlegmatic, bourgeois-looking man, a regular attendant at the services of the Church of St. Ambroise, fond of music and flowers, and a Lord Bountiful of the ducks and birds in the parks and squares. The headman in France receives a salary of \$1,200 (formerly it was \$1,600), with traveling expenses and \$9.60 a day for disbursements when "operating," as the phrase is, on provincial "work." The state also pays his assistants, who call themselves "mecaniciens," two receiving \$720 a year and two others \$520 each. Altogether the place is a good one and the work light,—about a head a month being the average—so that it is not surprising that there were one hundred and twenty-three applicants for Heindreich's position in 1872 (he succeeded the last of the famous Sansons in 1847), and that five hundred and sixty-five entries have already been made for Roch's. Roch died after a brief illness, in full possession of his faculties and after receiving the sacraments. The title of Bourreau, by the way, is derived of one Beaulieu Bourrel, a clerk of Belluncombe, who flourished in 1290 and was intrusted by the king with the execution of robbers caught upon his nef.

## BOUNCING THE BABIES.

Sad Finale to the Grand Show for the Exhibition of Phenomenal Specimens of Infant Humanity.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

There was a scene at the much-frequented corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue on the afternoon of the 26th, such as even this city seldom presents. Turning from the avenue into Fourteenth street, where Brewster's building has for some time past been used for all sorts of shows, the wayfarer found himself suddenly surrounded by a number of excited women, all carrying one, some two babies in their arms. It had been known that there was a baby show up-stairs, but why this motley crowd of women with their charges all on the sidewalk? It certainly could not be for an airing, for the air on that very sidewalk was anything but refreshing; besides, there was screeching and screaming and shouting and putting, showing that either the women were unnecessarily excited or that some modern plague

## HAD SUDDENLY SMITTEN THEIR FIRST BORN.

Some clung to the long iron railing which separates the building from the sidewalk, vainly endeavoring to find a resting place between the sharp spikes for their troublesome little ones; others marched excitedly up and down, swearing vengeance on the managers of the show, while quite a goodly number actually took the curbstone for a seat and there nursed their little ones. It was a scene so weird in such contrast to its surroundings that a reporter was moved to inquire the cause of all this hubbub.

"We've been driven out," said a young mother in answer to a request for information, "and I am waiting for my husband to come and take me home, and oh! he won't be here till after six, and it is only three o'clock now."

## "And why were you driven out?"

"I don't know; they told us it was all over."

The reporter was about to question the young mother more fully when the little cherub in her charge stuck his finger into the reporter's eye. All was darkness for a moment, and confusion worse confounded, but the sufferer could distinctly hear the maledictions from

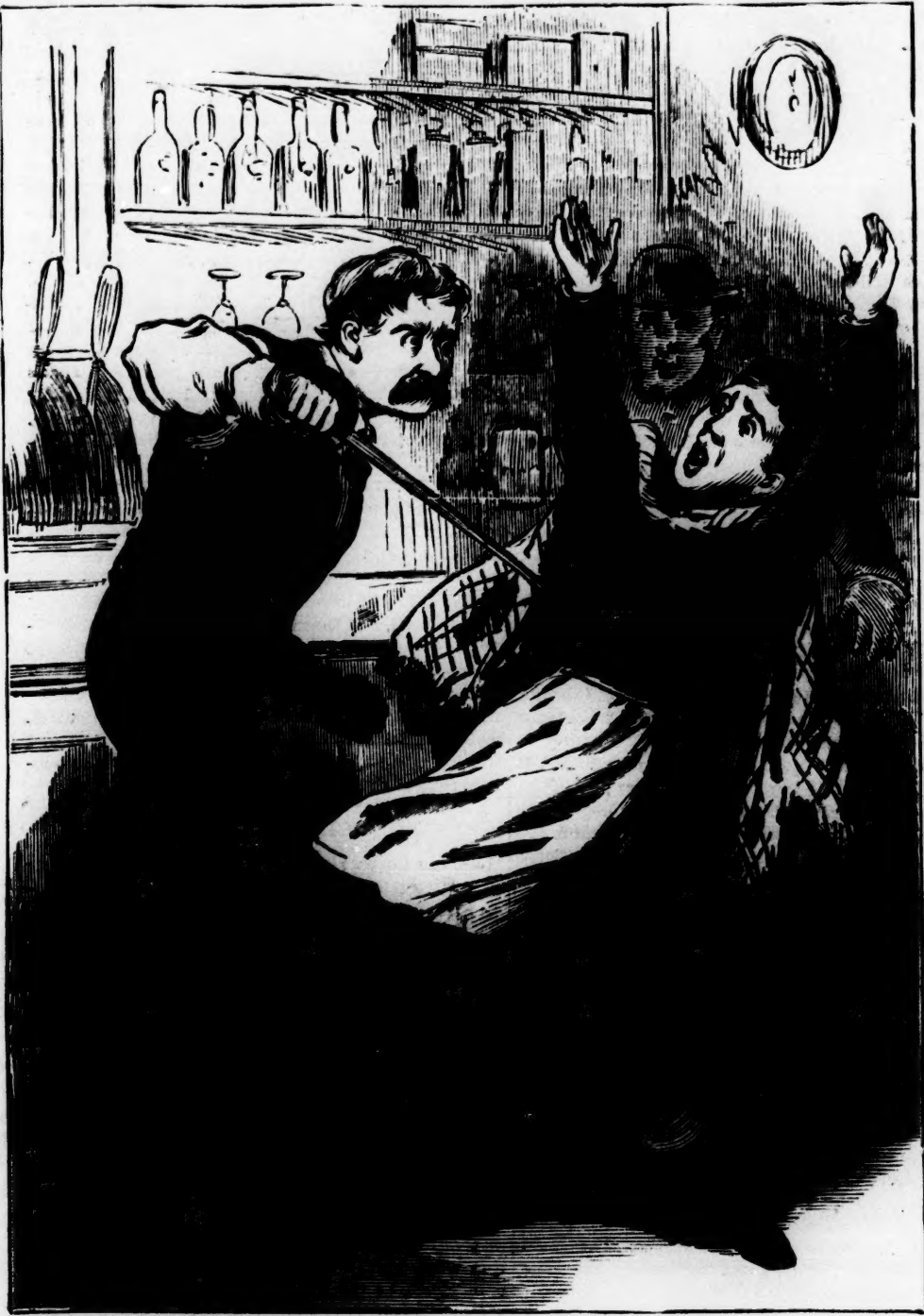
## A THOUSAND TONGUES INCREASING IN FURY.

When order was restored, he had the misfortune to be accosted as a "scoundrel" by a Teutonic mother who mistook him for one of the managers. "Ich will send mein maun to you; yah," she exclaimed, gesticulating in a most terrible manner. The irate German "mother" was here told by another exhibitor of her offspring, "This gentleman is not one of the managers; you are a fool." "Yah," she replied, "I've been a pig fool for bringing my kind here."

It was finally ascertained from the city marshal in charge of the premises that, on the strength of an attachment issued by Judge Dinkel, who holds court at First street and Second avenue, the baby show had just been seized by the court officers on an execution obtained against the place by George Ehret, the brewer, and a plumber named Price. It was explained that after the mothers had been told to leave the building with their babies they looked carefully around to see what they could seize, but found only a piano, some chairs and some books. It was intended to keep the place open as long as it paid, and there had been quite a paying attendance since the first day of the infantile exhibition; but no other course was open for them, as officers of the court, and they had to take possession of the premises. With a little coaxing and more patience the hour of six was reached, when, one after another, the women were escorted to the Fifth avenue stages, quite a number by their male escorts, while others placed themselves under charge of female friends, with whom they had become acquainted since the beginning of the show.

A smart fellow, believed to be an Alsatian, speaking German, French, Italian, Spanish and English, age about twenty-eight years, imposed himself upon Father Spiller, of Austin, Texas, on the 27th ult., as a Trappist Monk, and stole from him a watch, money, clothing, etc. He presented to Father Spiller forged letters from his superior and represented that he was en route to his monastery in Kentucky or Iowa. He was dressed in the habit of a Trappist Monk, wore spectacles and had a pious appearance.





LAWRENCE SPILANE, A SALOON KEEPER, DANGEROUSLY WOUNDS MRS. MARY WARD WITH A REGIMENTAL SWORD, IN ALLEGED RETALIATION FOR HER REPROACHES FOR SELLING LIQUOR TO HER HUSBAND; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 4.



A SERPENT IN THE PULPIT—THE STARTLING SPECTACLE WHICH EXCITED THE CONGREGATION OF A RURAL CHURCH, AND DISTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE PASTOR FROM THE POINTS OF HIS SERMON; NEAR BUTLER, GA.—SEE PAGE 5.



VASSAR COLLEGE GIRLS ON AN EXCURSION—HOW THE CHARMING COLLEGIANS ENJOYED THEMSELVES DURING THEIR ANNUAL SAIL ON THE HUDSON—FLIRTATION NOT AMONG THE LOST ARTS IN THE CURRICULUM OF THE BLOOMING DEVOTEES OF FAIR SCIENCE.—SEE PAGE 3.





THE MOST REMARKABLE TRAGEDY ON RECORD—MISS LILY DUEB'S UNNATURAL PASSION FOR HER CHOSEN FRIEND, MISS ELLA HEARN, FIRES HER, IN A FIT OF JEALOUS FRENZY, TO THE MURDER OF THE OBJECT OF HER STRANGE AFFECTION; POCOMOKE CITY, MD.—SEE PAGE 6.



BOUNCING THE BABIES—DISHEARTENING FINALE TO THE GREAT SHOW FOR THE EXHIBITION OF PHENOMENAL SPECIMENS OF INFANT HUMANITY.—UNPLEASANT DILEMMA OF AN INNOCENT REPORTER, WHO, IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION, GETS ASTRAY AMONG THE INDIGNANT MOTHERS WHO VOCIFEROUSLY DENOUNCE HIM AS A SUPPOSED MANAGER OF THE CONCERN; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

A California Lynching Committee Diversify  
the Usual Routine by Utilizing the Jail  
for a Double Hanging Act.

## FATAL OBSTINACY OF TWO BROTHERS.

## A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

SALEM, Mass., May 28.—It is stated here that John N. Buzzell has confessed the authorship of the Jennie Clarke trunk tragedy, and that he was hid in the woods for four days while the officers were working up the case. His father states that John has owned up to the whole story.

## AN EDITOR SHOT.

CULPEPER, W. Va., May 22.—In a difficulty here to-day between Mr. D. M. Ream, of the Culpeper Times, Philip M. Jones and J. W. Jamison, seven pistol-shots were fired by different parties. Mr. Ream was shot in the abdomen, and is thought to be fatally wounded. Mr. Jones received a ball in the shoulder. Mr. Jamison, who did most of the firing, was not hurt. Ball being refused for Mr. Jamison, he was committed to jail.

## HUNTER'S ASSISTANT ASSASSIN.

CAMDEN, N. J., May 26.—A motion will be argued before the June term of the supreme court, which meets in Trenton on the first Tuesday in June proximo, to determine whether Thomas Graham will be allowed to plead to a lesser degree of crime than murder of the first degree, as his indictment now reads. Graham does not appear to be in the least concerned about his fate, and implicitly believes in his final acquittal. It will be remembered that Graham was indicted as being an accomplice of Hunter's in the murder of John M. Armstrong.

## VILLAINOUS OUTRAGE BY BURGLARS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 23.—The residence of Mrs. Gardiner, aged eighty-four years, the widow of Peleg W. Gardiner, was entered last night by burglars, who savagely abused Mrs. Gardiner and her housekeeper, another old lady, the only persons in the family. A clumsy and brutal attempt was made to gag both, and they nearly perished from strangulation and injuries to their throats. After the burglars fled with very little plunder the family up-stairs were aroused and assistance called in. Physicians think both ladies will recover. The police think it was not the work of professional burglars.

## TWO LIVES FOR TWO DOLLARS.

KINGSTON, Ga., May 23.—This morning Thompson and Joseph Morris, brothers, violated a town ordinance by firing a pistol. Burroughs, the town marshal, collected a dollar fine from each. Thompson Morris followed Burroughs to the depot and slapped his face. Burroughs drew a stick. Joseph Morris snatched a pistol at Burroughs, who commenced firing on his assailants, and retreating across the railroad tracks, the Morris advancing and emptying their pistols and then throwing rocks until both fell from their wounds. Thompson died in thirty minutes. Joseph is mortally wounded.

## ATROCIOUS WIFE BUTCHERY.

ELEWENT, Ala., May 22.—Last evening, near here, John W. Bailey, who had previously had a quarrel with his wife, after which she left him, went to her house to get her to come back to him. He found her in the garden, and offered reconciliation. She refused, saying she had tried him once. Bailey then drew a pistol and fired. The ball taking effect in her breast, causing death in a few hours. Bailey fled, but was pursued by several citizens. The murder has created a very strong feeling and excitement in the neighborhood, and if Bailey falls into the hands of the pursuers he will probably be lynched.

## A TENOR'S TERRIBLE TALE.

On the sidewalk at the foot of East Twenty-fifth street, at a late hour on the night of the 28th, Officer Hardy, of the Eighteenth precinct, found a man lying unconscious in a pool of blood which had flowed from two pistol shot wounds in his head. After being in Bellevue Hospital some time the man recovered, and gave his name as Jacob Graff, said he was forty-four years old, a tenor singer by profession, and resided at 342 Third avenue. He stated that on that evening, on Broadway, near Eighth street, he met a man named James Minor, with whom he had previously been acquainted. That the man demanded his watch, and on Graff refusing to give it to him he shot him and stole his watch.

## ATTEMPTED OUTRAGE AND MURDER.

NORFOLK, Va., May 28.—On Monday last a diabolical crime was committed in Mathews county by a young man named "Cho" Ghion, a native of New York, recently settled in that county. On that day he met on the public highway a respectable colored woman, named Ellen Wrenn, who was returning from cleaning up a church. The villain attempted a criminal assault upon her, and, upon her resisting, attacked her with an ax helve and left her for dead. Her head was shockingly cut and one of her arms broken. The criminal made his escape, and the people, especially the whites of Mathews, are highly exasperated. Application has been made to the governor to offer a reward for his apprehension.

## CAUSELESS SHOOTING.

LANCASTER, O., May 26.—A shooting affray occurred at the Reform School, near here, which may result seriously. Just as the school carriage was starting from the main building with a party of ladies for Lancaster, Frank Shugart, telegraph operator at the institution, attempted to get into the carriage, when he was told by Mr. Carr, superintendent of the

stables, not to do so, as the carriage was already sufficiently loaded. Shugart became enraged, and, drawing his revolver, fired at Carr, the ball taking effect in his right shoulder, and, as it cannot be found, it is supposed it buried itself in his lungs. Carr is in a dangerous condition. Shugart was arrested, but no steps have as yet been taken to prosecute him.

## MURDERERS LYNCHED IN THEIR CELL.

BAKERSFIELD, Cal., May 28.—At about a quarter past twelve this morning some one called at the door of the court-house, and was answered by Jailer Reed, who was requested to open the door. Mr. Reed refused, and the door was forcibly broken and about seventy-five men entered. The jailer was ordered to throw up his hands, which he did. The keys were demanded, but refused. Search was then made and the keys were found. The mob entered the cells containing Thomas and William Yoakum, and lynched them by hanging them in their cells. William Yoakum was chained to the floor, and as the chain could not be loosed, he was hung with the chain on his feet. He was shot several times after being hanged. The Yoakums were in jail for killing Johnson and Tucker at Long Tom more than a year ago. William Yoakum had his trial, and was convicted of murder in the first degree. The supreme court, however, ruled, last week, that he should have a change of venue, and his case was moved to Fresno county. The mob were all masked except five.

## NARROW ESCAPE FROM LYNCHING.

ATHENS, Ala., May 27.—This town has been in great excitement since Bailes, the wife murderer, was captured and placed in jail, owing to rumors that he would be lynched. No demonstration was made until to-day, at about ten o'clock, when fifty men rode in town for the avowed purpose of taking him from jail and hanging him. They were met by a deputation of citizens, headed by the mayor, John T. Tanner. They were addressed by Colonel Luke Prior and several others, pleading that the law be allowed to take its course. The speeches had some effect. The crowd was lessened, some falling out. The horsemen then proceeded to the jail, which they found securely locked and barred. After sending for sledge-hammers and crow-bars they listened to a parley, and upon the promise of the leading citizens that an effort would be made to have a special session of the circuit court ordered for Bailes's speedy trial, they quietly dispersed. Public sentiment is strong against the murderer, who killed his wife without the least provocation.

## END OF A MUCH MIXED CASE.

MASON, Mich., May 23.—The trial of Miss Kittie Burke, of Onondaga, upon a charge of assault with intent to murder, for shooting William Champ, April 5th, was concluded this afternoon. After an exciting session of three days, and after being out fifteen minutes, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. What was supposed to be Champ's dying statement was taken, but the wound was less severe than was first supposed, and he was in court as a witness. Miss Burke is nineteen years of age, quite handsome, and Champ is about twenty-two years of age, and son of a respectable, well-to-do farmer. Miss Burke's story is that while on her way to attend the wedding of a neighbor's daughter she was seized by Champ, who dragged her to the banks of the river in an obscure place and attempted to ravish her, and that in the struggle ensuing, a revolver dropped from his pocket, and, seizing it, she shot three times, one ball taking effect in his side. Champ says he met Miss Burke by appointment, and was walking with her when she accused him of defaming her character and deliberately drew a revolver and shot him.

## A HYMENIAL HORROR.

MARSHALL, Texas, May 26.—Mrs. Allen, a widow, daughter of Mrs. Angell, within the last few days consented to marry William Wilkeson, for six years and at present engineer of the stationary engine in the railway shops. Ten o'clock this morning was the hour set for the ceremony, but Wilkeson was warned that John Angell, aged thirty-five, brother of Mrs. Allen, was prepared to prevent the marriage. Wilkeson received word this morning from Mrs. Allen that her mother and brother opposed the match and that the ceremony had better be postponed. Wilkeson went to Mrs. Angell's and had a friendly talk with John Angell, and when speaking with Mrs. Allen in the back door of the house Angell came at him with a shot-gun and fired, but Wilkeson advanced, turned the muzzle aside as the gun went off, and wrenched the weapon out of his hands. Angell retreated, and getting a pistol advanced again by way of the kitchen, on the right of the back door of the house. Wilkeson, seeing this maneuver, fired the remaining barrel of the gun, and slightly wounded in the back young Bob Hill, nephew of Mrs. Allen. Angell and Wilkeson then fought with pistols through the back yard and on the street, when Angell received a shot through the stomach, and is dying. Wilkeson received a shot through the wrist. A few years ago John Angell was convicted of killing Casey Harris, but was pardoned by the governor.

## PETE SWINGLER TO SWING.

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 23.—To-day the Board of Pardons heard the case of Peter Swingler (colored), whose execution is fixed for the 5th of June at Chambersburg. C. A. Suesseroth made a plea for commutation of the death penalty to imprisonment for life, on the ground that the condemned has always been regarded as possessing a weak mind, and that the perpetration of the crime was due to the influence exerted over him by Joseph Lane, another negro, who was present when John Anderson was killed, on the night of December 17 last. A letter was read from Sheriff Gable, of Franklin county, stating that Swingler was of unsound mind, but probably not insane, and requesting that the application be favorably considered. A letter from Dr. Crawford, his spiritual adviser, was read, setting forth that the condemned was regarded as a silly boy by his family, and that he should not be hanged. A petition was presented from nearly all the members of the bar of Franklin county and prominent citizens of Chambersburg, joining in the plea for commutation. District Attorney Bowers claimed that Swingler had never

been considered insane by his friends, and the murder was premeditated, the culprit having gone a mile to secure the gun with which he shot Anderson. Swingler, according to his own admission, had cocked the gun as he entered the dancing room in which the crime was committed and placed the muzzle to Anderson's breast and fired. The victim died about fifteen minutes afterwards. The board, after hearing the arguments, decided not to interfere with the execution of the death warrant, and Franklin county will have her second hanging in seventy years on June 5 next.

## A London Murder Mystery.

A shocking discovery was made on the 9th ult., at 4 Euston square, London. The house, one of those on the northern side, was, until within about three years since, in the occupation of Mr. Mills, a sculptor, and when he left it was let to its present occupant, a German, Mr. Bastendorff, who, not requiring the whole house himself, had taken in lodgers. Some of his apartments were lately let to persons who required the use of one of the area coal-cellars, and the one nearest to the area steps was appropriated to their use, although it had been previously in use for Mr. Bastendorff's own family. A ton of coal was ordered of a coal-dealer in the neighborhood, and between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the 9th, his cartmen arrived with the coal. One of the men went down into the cellar to shovel the coal over the cellar as they were shot from the van through the hole in the pavement. He was clearing the ground when his shovel struck against what at first appeared like a sack of clothes, and he then saw there was a sort of mound. Digging further, he discovered that the obstruction was the body of a woman. Dr. H. P. Davis, of 1 Euston square, was sent for, and, assisted by Mr. Harrison, another surgeon, he examined the remains. Dr. Davis states that they are evidently those of a woman between fifty and sixty years of age, judging from the remains of the hair, which are slightly tinged with gray. The features were entirely gone, the arms and legs were dismembered from the trunk, and the feet and hands were wholly gone. There was a rope, or thick sash line, round the bones of her neck, indicating that the deceased had either been hanged or strangled. From the appearance of the remains, it is the opinion of the medical men that quick-lime had been used to destroy the body, and there can be no doubt that it has been where it was found many months, if not even two or three years. Nothing has as yet been discovered to lead to the identification of the body, but the fact is clearly established that the outer garment was a black silk dress. The rumor of the discovery, soon after it was made, extended far and wide, and as the afternoon advanced the crowd of persons in front of the house and in Euston square was so large that it was found necessary to place a number of constables of the E division of the police on duty. The remains, having been carefully collected, were placed in a shell and conveyed to the mortuary of St. Pancras' work-house, where they will undergo a more minute examination than it has been possible up to the present time to make. No information can be obtained as to any woman answering the description, so far as age is concerned, of the deceased.

## A Western Concert-Saloon Sensation.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 22.—Last week a beautiful young girl calling herself Grace May, came to this city with the Remington Female Minstrels, and captivated the young bloods frequenting the Metropolitan Theatre by her song and dance act. The season was unlucky, financially, and Saturday night the troupe burst into smithereens, and the members were left without means to leave the town or dodge the responsibility of a robust board bill.

Hanging around Grace was a fellow whom the boys called "Roxie," and the two passed as man and wife, "Roxie," apparently doing nothing but live upon her earnings and keep the bloods at a reasonable distance. After leaving the Metropolitan Theatre the girl found employment as a song and dance artist in Grunert's beer saloon—a dive frequented by the worst classes. About twelve o'clock to-night the girl's mother arrived from Cincinnati, and, tracing her daughter to this saloon, created quite a sensation by interrupting the programme and claiming Grace, whom she said was not yet fifteen years old. Seeing "Roxie" near at hand she drove him from the saloon with a chair, and then informed the gaping crowd that he was a married man from Covington, Ky. The girl called on "Roxie" to stand firm, but he hadn't the nerve, and the police coming in, arrested the girl and turned her over to her mother. The old lady declined to give her name, and is now waiting for the four o'clock train to return to Cincinnati. Grace vows that she will not go, and says that nothing can separate her from her "Roxie."

## Rural Ruffianism.

WINCHESTER, Ind., May 23.—There was an excursion yesterday from Decatur, north of here, over the Grand Rapids and Indiana road, to the Soldier's Home in Dayton, Ohio, which was given by the members of the M. E. Church of this place for the purpose of lessening a claim of \$800 that hangs over the M. E. parsonage. The enterprise was a success. On the return trip from Dayton a lot of young men from Decatur and elsewhere took possession of the refreshment car, and captured the lemonade, which was being sold by Messrs. Connor & Chamberlin, of this place. The entire train was soon in a state of confusion, and knives, revolvers, razors, &c., were in demand. A general affray would have been the result and blood would have been spilled had it not been for the conductor, who came upon the scene with a cocked revolver. After leveling his revolver several times to shoot, order was partially restored. No one was seriously hurt, but it is thought that the conductor would have been killed had he "shown the white feather." Suit will probably be instituted to-day against some of the members of the Decatur Brass Band and others for damage.

## A WORLD-FAMOUS FRAUD.

Romantic and Remarkable Career of a Circus man who, Under the Assumed Character of "Ella Zoyara," a Female Performer, Won an Unequaled Reputation, and made Conquests in High Life by the Hundreds in all Parts of the Globe, Numbering Even the Late King of Italy Among His "Mashes."

The death of Omar Kingsley closes the career of one who gained a wide-spread reputation as Ella Zoyara. For years he appeared as an equestrienne under this title in almost every country on the globe, and few of those who have witnessed the graceful performance of the beautiful Zoyara dreamed that the performer was a man. Letters and lovers were abundant, and among the latter figured no less important a person than Victor Emanuel of Italy, who fell in love with the dashing young rider. Soldiers and civilians figured also on the list of Zoyara's lovers, and a dispute about her among the former finally caused her or him to be placed in durance vile in Manila.

Kingsley was born in St. Louis, where his mother and sister still reside, about 1840. At the early age of six a traveling circus fired his fancy for sawdust and spangles, and he soon ran away from the parental roof. He apprenticed himself with Spence Stokes, a well-known circus proprietor of Philadelphia. Stokes trained him to do an equestrian act, and he soon appeared

## UNDER THE NAME OF ELLA ZOYARA.

His beautiful boyish face, a profusion of rich, black curly hair and his slender form assisted the impersonation. He was advertised and rode under this name for several years, attracting no particular attention, but keeping the secret of his sex carefully concealed. He accompanied Spence to Europe, where he rode as a female in all the principal cities. In Moscow a Russian count is said to have fallen madly in love with him, and offered Stokes a large sum for an introduction to the fair Zoyara. It was in the sunny clime of Italy, however, that the greatest conquest took place.

Victor Emanuel saw him at the circus and afterward sent for him. He attended, though accompanied by his woman servant, without whom he rarely appeared in public. Victor Emanuel frequently attended the performance, and Zoyara called upon him. The King of Italy presented him with a magnificent black stallion, of which Stokes immediately took possession and afterward sold, when in financial difficulties in Madrid. When Zoyara returned to New York he was advertised as the greatest female rider that Europe had ever seen, and crowds were nightly attracted by his performances. He rode a graceful act, was more daring and brilliant than any equestrienne that had or has appeared before an American audience, while long experience enabled him to impersonate a female character in a manner that almost defied detection. His sex was a secret even to many of those employed in the same establishment. He performed for one or two seasons in the eastern country, everywhere meeting with success, letters and

## WOULD-BE LOVERS AND HUSBANDS.

During this time he was married to Sallie Stickney, an equestrienne, daughter of Robert Stickney, of Cincinnati. In 1863 he came to California and made his debut in this city in connection with John Wilson's circus. He traveled two seasons upon the Pacific slope, appearing as a female rider, and carrying out the deception in a perfect manner. There are many men who still remember the beautiful Zoyara and her graceful performance in the ring. In 1865 he sailed for Australia, where he created at one time a great sensation. He had always appeared in female attire, on steamers, on the streets, in hotels and in the circus, so that the surprise of those who saw him come from the canvas one day just after a performance, in male attire, and swearing like a gulf pirate, was very great. Trouble with circus companies led to this episode. In 1867 he traveled with the same company through India, the Straits settlements, China, Japan and the Philippine Islands. At Manila a Spanish officer fell in love with Zoyara and sought an introduction, but was refused. Some of his fellow-officers hinted that the fair rider was not a female, and he wagered that he was. A party of them went to the dressing-room, seized the subject of dispute as he came from the ring and were about to strip the clothing from him when John Wilson rushed forward and

## KNOCKED BOTH OF THEM DOWN.

A tumult ensued which ended in Wilson and Zoyara being placed in jail where the sex of the latter was made known. They remained in durance for some time, and were finally sent out of the country. Wilson returned to this city in 1867, Zoyara coming with him. He performed throughout the United States, Mexico, and the Canadas for several seasons, still under the name of Ella Zoyara. When he became one of the proprietors of Wilson's circus he made his first appearance as a male rider in this city. After this he rarely appeared as a female rider, doing so principally on the occasion of benefits, when the announcement that he was to appear as Zoyara was sure to crowd the house. He left this city with Wilson's circus for Australia in 1875; and having appeared in the principal cities there, sailed from Melbourne to India in 1877, where he appeared up to the time of his illness and death at Bombay, which took place on the 3rd of April last, of small-pox, thus closing a somewhat remarkable career.

## Awful Deed of a Lunatic.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 24.—A horrible murder was committed in the town of Kewaskum, Wis., yesterday at three A. M., a farmer named Nicholas Altenhafer beating the brains out of a six weeks' old infant by knocking its head against the wall and cutting the scalp open with a picture-frame. He then carried the dead infant two miles to a priest and acknowledged his crime. The coroner's jury last evening found a verdict in accordance with the facts, and found him insane. The insanity is the result of indorsing paper for his brother, M. Altenhafer, who failed last spring, rendering him homeless and almost a pauper.



## COLORADO CUSTOMS.

Pleasing Promptness with Which the Citizens Follow up and Punish the Atrocious Crime of Horse-Stealing.

## THRILLING ILLUSTRATION

Of this Local Peculiarity as Exhibited in the Story of One of a Recent Pursuing Party, the two Human Objects of which Pursuit

## SPEEDILY ORNAMENTED A TREE.

DENVER, Col., May 18.—A thrilling story was that which Joe Arnold, who went in pursuit of the thieves who stole Estabrook's horses and carriage told a reporter—the story of the pursuit of the scoundrels made by Joe and his cow-boys of the plains. More exciting and far more terrible still is the addenda which he now makes. "I guess I had just as well tell you fellows the whole thing about the affair," said Joe to the reporter. "I always make it a point not to allow any violence to be done when I go after a man, if I can help it. We make this a rule, and it is Cook's request that we do. But sometimes you can't help it, and this was one of the cases. I did not mean to 'give it away' on the boys, but the whole thing is leaking out, and I may as well tell you now. A letter was sent to the city to-day telling the whole story."

"What whole story?" asks the reporter very naturally.

"Why, those fellows that stole Estabrook's outfit were hung. They never got away. They are as dead as lamp-posts, and by this time

"THE BUZZARDS HAVE PICKED THEIR BONES."

"How comes it then that you did not tell us this at first?"

"Why, because I did not have any particular interest in having it published. I was naturally anxious to keep it out of print."

The story which Joe told is that which follows: It was on Tuesday, May 6, that a slouchy looking individual went to J. H. Estabrook's stable, in this city, and hired a double carriage and a span of horses. Neither the horses nor the men came back that night, and Mr. Estabrook gradually became convinced that his horses and vehicle had been stolen. The detectives were informed and Mr. Arnold was put in charge of the case. Having ascertained that the party had fled eastward along the line of the Kansas Pacific railroad, he started out on the train the next morning in pursuit of the rogues and their booty. The pursuit continued five days, and ended on Saturday in one of the most lonely and one of the coolest tragedies which have ever

## FOUND LOCALITY ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

It has already been told how Arnold detailed two men—Messrs. Finly and Brown—to pursue the thieves on horseback from River Bend, while he should proceed on the train to intercept them in case it was found that they had made greater progress than was believed to be the case. It has also been related how these two men came upon the thieves late the following Thursday night, and created a stampede, which lasted almost sixty hours. It is related, also, that the fleeing men had two surplus horses, which were led from the rear of their carriage, which they suddenly mounted when the time came, and upon which they made their wild flight over the prairies.

Up to this point the story agrees with that already published; but here the divergence begins. At Arroya the horses which were afterward put to such use as that described were stolen from a man named Whiting. We all know how the crime of horse stealing is regarded in this far western country. There has been a time when to steal a bit of horse flesh was to invite certain and speedy death. Since that time we have become a degree more refined. But the old feeling still lingers to a certain extent—especially, it would seem, along the line of the Kansas Pacific, and out on the plains, where the horse is quite as valuable for all purposes as he is in his natural home in the Arabian sands. This accounts for the determination that the good people at Arroya

## CAME TO HAVE THE THIEVES.

It is quite probable that if they had not been so wise in their foresight, as they were in stealing the horses that they might at least be still living, if not in possession of their liberty.

Of course they soon rode these horses down, going as they were at break-neck speed. When they reached Carson they found themselves in great need of fresh stock. They found preparations going forward at this place for the spring round-up, and necessarily a great many horses collected together. They collected two of the best looking animals belonging to Messrs. Fugsley & Church, put their bridles on them, turning the horses which they had been riding loose, and again were off with the wind. On Saturday they were interrupted by Arnold's crowd and fired into, but ineffectually as it afterwards proved. They turned their course. Then came the splendid chase of twelve miles across the prairie with the two thieves fleeing like foxes, and the cow-boys following like hounds in the heated chase. The thieves had been pursued by parties both from Arroya and from Kit Carson, and on Sunday morning they came together. A brief parley was held, and it was universally resolved that the audacious scoundrels should be

## PURSUED TO THE DEATH OR CAPTURE.

Advantage was taken of the lack of water on the plains. It was known that the thieves and their horses had then been without water for two days, and it was inferred that they naturally would take the first opportunity they could to find something to slake their thirst. They had already crossed the state line and were in Kansas, and it was believed had sought a hiding-place on a little stream called the Eagle Tail.

The pursuers started out on Sunday morning a

week ago to-day, bent upon securing their prey. They discovered that their men had gone further than they expected, and it was a long while before they found any trace. It was a dreadfully disagreeable day, as it will be remembered it was in Denver. The wind blew furiously at times, almost sweeping the pursuing party from the face of the plains; the sky was covered with heavy clouds; the rain began to fall about four o'clock in the afternoon. Truly, it was a bad day for man-hunting. Less determined spirits and men who had less of a grievance to satisfy than these had, would have ceased their pursuit and gone

## IN SEARCH OF MORE FRIENDLY QUARTERS.

But such a course as this was not in this case to be thought of.

Late in the afternoon the hiding-place of the refugees was discovered. They had found water on the Eagle Tail, had left their horses go and had sought protection under a bit of sheltering earth, hoping that it would prove a hiding-place from their pursuers as well as protection from the rain. Not so.

Seven men dashed upon them suddenly and ferociously told them not to move at the peril of instant death, and, dismounting, gripped them in a dozen hands, with the strength and with twice the ferocity of as many vices.

"It's up with us," muttered one of the captives; "we surrender; we will make no further resistance; give us a little food and take us where you will."

"Food! food! No, you don't need any food. We will do better by you than that. They don't eat in that place where you are next to stop."

"Good God! what would you do?"

A heavy peal of thunder killed the sound of the speaker's voice. But it was sufficiently audible to send a thrill through the frames of the two unfortunate captive culprits and to make their lips quiver for a moment. They understood the import of what was said if they did not understand the actual words. They made no appeal. A glance passed between the two men, and they seemed to say to each other, "We may as well bear it manfully as it must come." They did not open their lips

## TO PLEAD FOR MERCY OR TO OFFER EXCUSE.

The cow-punchers were all the more satisfied at this.

Ropes were conveniently procured from about their horses and placed in the regulation fashion about the necks of the prisoners. The rain beat down furiously and a gust of wind bent one of the few cottonwoods so low that it really seemed that it was done to assist the hangmen.

Quietly and quickly, after one end of each of the two cords had been placed around the necks of the prisoners, the other end was thrown over a convenient limb, and the seven men acting as a derrick pulled the two bodies from the ground simultaneously. One groan was heard coming from both. Both men were hung upon the same tree, and as they dangled about in the air their bodies and limbs came frequently in contact. They struggled for a brief moment and then the convulsions gave place to nervous twitchings, and then all was over.

The executioners rode away as rapidly as they could. The storm had almost ceased, and the sun burst brilliantly out, as it was about to glide away into the west. It met the men who had fastened the ropes square in the face as they climbed the little hill that sloped up from the creek, and as they looked back, fell square upon

## THE NOW QUIET FORMS OF THEIR VICTIMS.

"They are dead, that's pretty certain," said one of the men. "They'll know what they are doing when they next undertake to steal a horse from a Colorado cowboy."

"And where were you all this time?" asked the reporter of the officer who had told the thrilling story. "Well, I was not there, though necessarily not far away. I know that what I have told you is true to the last letter, and that I could not prevent the occurrence. One of the pursuers came to me and asked me by what authority I made the pursuit. I showed him my warrant, which I have here (and he displayed it). Said he, 'That's good in Colorado, but not in Kansas. That will not avail here; you cannot arrest these fellows, but we can.' I know that they left me then, and I know that I did not follow them; and I know that a letter just received from down the K. P., tells me that the buzzards are flying thick around where the capture was made on the Eagle Tail."

A mystery still surrounds the identity of the men. No papers were found upon their persons. However, the detectives think they were deserters from some of the military forts in the north, probably from Fort Saunders, and he says their names are Joseph Gittinger and John Hepperdeisel, one of them being originally from Ohio and the other from Michigan. Whoever they may be, their career was brief, and their end quite as sad as summary.

## To What Base Uses?

Not long since there appeared in our columns an account of how the head of Frank Tolles, the leader of a band of highwaymen, was borne into Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, and exhibited to a jubilant crowd. There are further interesting points in relation to that head. When the citizens had taken a good look at the thing it was buried on a prairie in the outskirts of the town. In passing over the prairie a few evenings ago G. P. Clark saw the skull dancing along and bobbing up and down among the cactus bushes. Clark's hair stood on end. Cold chills struck him. When he reached Cheyenne he was as white as a sheet. Everybody scoffed at his story, but a few were induced to go out and take a look. They, too, saw the skull fitting hither and thither. Next morning a large crowd went out to investigate. There again was the moving skull. The boldest in the party approached. He drew nearer and nearer. All at once a little prairie dog bounded from the skull and shot away into its hole near by. The prairie dogs had appropriated the highwayman's head for a plaything.

Ten persons have been lynched in Murfreesboro, Tenn., since the war—nine colored and one white—for hideous crimes. The jail is considered altogether insecure.

## FRENCH ARTISTS IN BURGLARY.

Niceties of the Crooked Profession Among the High-Toned Rogues of Paris who Bring to the Trade a Variety of Accomplishments of the Highest Order and Elevate Thieving to the Dignity of a Fine Art.

If you want to hear the well-known summons of "Your money or your life!" in Paris you must go to the Opera Comique. Brigandage here selects for its locale, by preference, a lady's boudoir, and for its instrument a bottle of Cliquot champagne. The dark street-corner, the pistol and the knife have all been abandoned. The art and the science—indeed the aesthetics of robbery—are now the proud features of the Parisian rascal.

Addressing myself to-day, in a chatty way, to the new chief of police, I inquired if the city of Paris could boast of a burglar equal to the late Charles Peace, of recent London proud and profitable press notoriety.

"Robbery," replied the chief, "accompanied by violence and slaughter, is repugnant to the Parisian, who is an artist even in his vice. He considers a proceeding of that kind heavy, gross and unworthy of his civilized manners. It is barren of painter or poet."

"Pray tell me, Monsieur le Chef, what is the modus operandi of such

## A PARISIAN ARTIST IN BURGLARY?"

"Sir, he likes to prepare and meditate his plan; he sketches the outline, he fills in the background, regards the composition of his picture completely; elaborates and harmonizes the details, and then varnishes it, ready to—frame."

"This frame, I presume, you, M. le Chef, too often hold?"

"Frequently we, who are good critics in this kind of art," said the chief, "are able to discover the omission of some details or the excess of skilled labor which enables us to supply the missing signature of the painter."

"Could you not show me some one of these laureates in the arts of brigandage?"

"Certainly, but only for a moment; come with me," says the chief, "and I will show you the most decorated of the many aspirants to fame in that particular walk of art."

I go with him, and, as the exercise hour is just closing, I have an opportunity to see the "brigadier burglar," as he is called. This personage is of a short, wiry figure, with a well-defined head and keen eyes, that are shown to advantage by the prison barber, tailor and exercise. I noticed that he limped in his walk, and was informed afterward that this arose from an injury caused by a too sudden descent down the lightning-conductor of an eight-story mansion. He has the reputation of being a wit and wag, speaking in seven different languages, as well as being the perpetrator of more strategic burglaries than any ten of his confreres combined throughout the continent of Europe. I will speak of

## HIS LAST EXPLOIT BRIEFLY.

He lived in a sumptuous apartment in a fashionable quarter, and near the Rue Lord Byron. His distinguished style in dress, correct manners and high-bred behavior attracted the attention and esteem of all the inmates of the house, including the ever fastidious concierge. One fine day the adjoining apartment was discovered to be completely gutted of every portable article of value. Playing his part with the excess already noted in the picture simile, he, with the surprised occupants, was one of the first and loudest in calling for the police. On the arrival of these functionaries, this excessive zeal, which so horrified the knowing old diplomatist, Talleyrand, attracted the notice of these correctional critics; a few minutes sufficed to turn their suspicions into certitude and our model lodger took his place at the bar before the district magistrate as an arraigned rogue. The latter functionary, as is usual, sermonized him roundly on his cunning, deceit and long-continued hypocrisy. "Pardon," said the accused, *avec hauteur*, "How long has it been the fashion to thus reproach a general for his strategy?" This illustrates the character of

## PREVAILING PHASE OF PARIS ROBBERY.

A Paris robber is a general by vocation, and assumes heroism and control even in petty larceny, and a stupid robbery is repugnant to him. This same "brigadier" is the author, so far as the great number of successes go, of what is termed the *Bon jour* robberies.

This is a system essentially Parisian; it could only have been invented by a Parisian and by the type of Parisian before us. He selects from the city directory a set of names, a half dozen or more, for the day's proceedings. He selects also a good quarter of the city, occupied chiefly by professional men, who are absent from home. He ascends the staircase, having announced, as is usual, to the concierge the name of the gentleman whom he wishes to visit. He rings vigorously at the outer door of the apartment; if the tenant is at home he says "Good morning" (or *Bon jour*), excuses himself for having mistaken the floor and goes up higher. Here he also vigorously rings, and if the bell remains unanswered, showing thereby that the occupant is not at home, the "brigadier" produces his set of false keys, enters, goes the rounds of the rooms, pockets what he can, and then descending the staircase says to the concierge, "I called to see Mr. Chose, but I find he is out; say good morning (*Bon jour*) to him for me, and tell him I'll come again to-morrow!" That is artistic.

This same "brigadier" is the author of a system or, rather,

## A CORPS OF SHAM POLICE.

The duty of these was, in two or three, to anticipate the arrival of the real ones, and thus spirit away their confreres, the criminal, in their guise of bona fide and active agents of the law. The stories about his "dodges" are very numerous, and too much of a seeming glorification to rascality for me to recapitulate.

The real Paris police is possessed of a genius quite equal to cope with that of Paris thieves, and not unfrequently exemplifies the adage of "setting a thief to catch a thief." The Paris policeman knows quite

as funny tricks, possesses the same cunning, the same tact, the same knowledge of faces and figures as the game or animal which he pursues, and, sometimes, by the aid of the press, he enjoys a very manifest superiority, and is proud of it. The late rupture in the cabinet here, which ended in the resignation of the Minister of the Interior, M. de Marcere, was mainly caused by the somewhat out-of-date plan of employing a rogue to correct rogues—a false principle and practice. The old theory of detective thieves in the service of the thieves had its

## PALMY DAYS IN THE TIME OF VIDOCQ.

Now it is felt that it is better to leave to capable, honest and intelligent men the triumph over crime, than to share the victory with repentant but venal scoundrels "in office." Nothing is better than right, and the best way of checking evil is to show that virtue is as clever and honesty as skillful as crime and wickedness. When the policeman is not a politician, a toady or tuft-hunter, but simply a paid guardian by the people of public peace, the concierge of the stranger, the protector of the fair Parisienne on her perilous journey across the crowded boulevards, the guardian of the crying *bébé* that has lost its way in the Bois, and the declared foe of the mad dog only, he is then the type of all that this functionary should be of the real and

## PROPER POLICEMAN OF PARIS.

To see him entering, loafingly, a restaurant, or coming out, tottering, the worse for its "spiritual influence" to observe him in free-and easy political, shouting discussion at street-corners on the merits or demerits of local candidates for municipal office; to detect him negligent of his honest public duty by an excess of interest in his private personal pleasure, would indeed be rare and totally at variance with the traditions which have governed, more or less strictly, this branch of the public service from time immemorial. The Paris policeman has, as rule, been a soldier, and maintains in his new state of life the point of honor which he had and left bound to observe in the old one. No system of police, be it in the White House or the "calaboose" of the worst ward of even Gotham, can be trustworthy and offer a relative *quid pro quo* for the people's paid taxes, unless governed with some sense of self-respect, and deference alike to authority and the public whose money creates and maintains all police systems. A corrupt and inefficient police, shaped by "party" politics and not influenced by the local impartial laws, has proved, in Paris and in lesser cities, the greatest of street evils known.

## Gray, the "Prince of Forgers."

## (With Portrait.)

William E. Gray, whose fame as a forger is almost as well established in Europe as in this country, after a somewhat protracted trial before Judge Barrett, in the court of oyer and terminer, in this city, was convicted, on the 23rd, on a charge of altering state bounty certificates, on which he raised a call loan of \$30,000, from the Mechanics' National Bank, with which he decamped to Europe. We gave, some months since, an extended biographical sketch of this talented rogue, and a brief glance at his career is sufficient on the occasion of his final disposition.

He is a son of the Rev. Edward H. Gray, who was formerly chaplain of the United States Senate. He received a good education, and in his early manhood obtained a clerkship in the office of the fourth auditor of the Treasury Department in Washington. On leaving the Treasury Department he was given testimonials of skill as an accountant and of trustworthiness, and with them he came to this city, where he procured employment in the office of A. B. Dimock & Co. Having learned the ways of Wall street, he entered into a partnership with one Thomas H. Platt, to do a gold and stock brokerage business. The title of the firm was William E. Gray & Co. He did a good business and gained the confidence of bank officers and private bankers. He was enabled, therefore, to get loans of large amounts of money on collateral, which collateral was not closely inspected by its acceptors.

After a long and successful career of undetected rascality his own broker, Eugene Fink, who had his suspicions aroused as to Gray's methods, made an investigation which exposed enough to cause him to denounce his employer as a swindler. An attempt to arrest him was baffled by his flight, and it was then discovered that he had obtained \$310,000. He finally made his way to London, where he lived in the style of a millionaire, became intimately acquainted in aristocratic circles, where he was quite popular through his elegant manners, liberality and companionable qualities. At last he got into difficulties there through bogus business operations, went to Texas and formed a swindling concern in partnership with another rogue. Before returning to London he paid several flying visits to this city, escaping the eyes of the detectives. Finally, after much trouble and negotiation with the British Government, he was extradited, Captain Kealy, chief of the New York detective force, being his escort back to this city. He was arraigned in the court of general sessions July 11 1878, and pleaded not guilty. His trial took place as above stated. On Thursday, 29th ult., he was brought before the court for sentence and was consigned to ten years' imprisonment for his crimes.

## Execution of the Murderer Cassler.

## (With Illustration and Portrait.)

In our preceding issue we gave a detailed account of the execution of Orlando Cassler, at Seward, Neb., on May 20th, for the murder of George L. Monroe, in that county, in July, 1878. On another page of the current issue we give an accurate illustration of the scene of the execution, which was witnessed by several thousand people, a mob having torn down the wooden inclosure which had been erected in the rear of the jail with a view of preventing the dread spectacle from being exposed to the public gaze, from sketches and photographs especially prepared for the GAZETTE by its own correspondents, with an authentic portrait of the condemned man as he appeared on the day of the execution.



**Exploits of a Quack.**

LAWRENCE, Kan., May 24.—The heart of Lawrence has been stirred to the core by a horrible affair, which came very near amounting to a tragedy. Dr. W. W. Nurmey, a quack physician, came here about four weeks since and opened an eye and ear infirmary, and rented a house for hospital purposes, advertising to cure the whole catalogue of diseases. He claimed to have practiced largely in Europe and in this country. He has flashed about town after a span of fine horses in such a manner that the eyes of respectable people have turned from him in disgust. Of late he has been in the habit of writing affectionate letters, in bad English, to respectable ladies in the city, but he has made no conquests. He was accompanied here by a woman whom he represented as his sister; but he was apprised that his wife and child, whom he had abandoned in Missouri, were aware of his whereabouts, and the woman has decamped. Mrs. Caroline H. Dombach, a German widow from Moberly, Missouri, whom he induced to come here for treatment, under promise of marriage, was found in a critical condition at the so-called hospital from his treatment; and as he got from her, at different times and on various pretenses, over \$1,500, which he had been using in his insane attempt to establish himself in his nefarious business here, she has sworn out an attachment. It was served by Deputy Sheriff Burlingame, and the outfit is now in the sheriff's hands. There is no reason to doubt that Mrs. Dombach was slowly dying under his treatment, and that the funeral would have been a quiet one, and he would have been \$1,500 ahead. Mrs. Dombach has the sympathy of the public, and there is a fair probability of this rascal getting his deserts. He has figured at Independence, Evansville, Ind., Moberly, Mo., and is also wanted in other states east.

**Audacious Outrage by a Mysterious Misanthrope.**

VINCENNES, Ind., May 22.—Advices have been received of a persistent attempt to outrage Mrs. Mary Cornvery, a respectable widow of Mount Carmel, Ill. She was aroused from her sleep by the presence of an unknown person in the room; thinking it one of her daughters, who slept in an adjoining room, she spoke asking what she was doing up at that hour. The only answer vouchsafed was a hand clutched to her throat and the form of a man pressed her person. Knowing that she was to be a victim of a foul outrage, she struggled and finally succeeded in obtaining possession of her vocal organs and screamed lustily for help. Her daughters were aroused by the struggle, and one, a young lady, ran down-stairs after a revolver, and, returning, tried to shoot the villain, but the weapon

influence of liquor, to cross over to Fort Niagara. They quarreled on the way, and Murphy threw the cars away and attempted to pitch Coyne overboard. The latter, however, being stronger, threw Murphy

out. He was drowned. Coyne, in the boat alone, drifted out into the lake, where he was picked up. He claims to have acted in self-defense, and his story is generally believed.



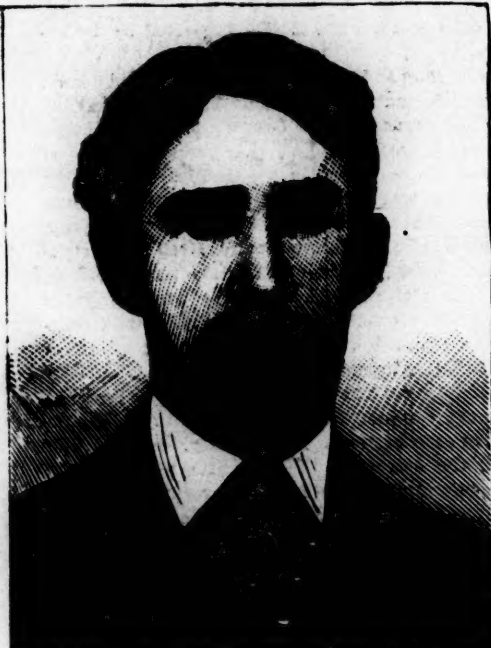
FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS ANNIE LEONARD, OF FORD'S THEATRE, BALTIMORE.—  
SEE PAGE 2.

**A Drunken Lady's Performances.**

Mrs. Harriet E. Gardner, the wife of a respectable Boston merchant, was arraigned in the Yorkville court, on the 27th ult., on a charge of intoxication. She had been visiting her aunt at the Grand Union Hotel. At a late hour on Monday night Roundsmen Kelly of the Twenty-first precinct was called to the hotel, and upon entering the apartments of Mrs. Gardner he found her very much under the influence of liquor and acting in a disorderly manner. Her aunt requested the roundsman to arrest the intoxicated lady as she had threatened to do her bodily harm. It was also stated that Mrs. Gardner's cries and loud language had annoyed the other guests in the hotel. The officer undertook to arrest Mrs. Gardner, but she fought him so fiercely that he was obliged to call for assistance. She was carried to the police-station, where she was detained over night. At the Jefferson Market court, the aunt appeared as the complainant, and stated to Justice Kilbreth that she had intended to request her niece's commitment to some asylum in this city, as she was addicted to the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants. The aunt did not wish to press the charge of intoxication. She suggested that Mrs. Gardner be allowed to return to Boston, where under the influence of her husband and friends she might be induced to abandon the excessive use of liquor. The prisoner was discharged. Mrs. Gardner is a niece of Rev. Dr. Anderson, the well-known Baptist preacher.

**A Deaf Mute's Miracle.**

PETERSBURG, Va., May 25.—For several weeks a great revival has been in progress at several of the colored churches in this city, resulting in the conversion of several hundred persons. This afternoon fifty-four of the converts were baptized in the canal, at the head of High street, by the Rev. Henry Williams, pastor of the Gilfield Baptist Church, (colored), of this place. Among the candidates for immersion was Burwell Lancaster, about twenty-one years of age, who, from his birth, has been deaf and dumb. Before taking him into the water the officiating minister wrote the baptismal vow on a slate, which the mute read. Then he was immersed. On reaching shore the mute, to the amazement of all present, cried out, "Thank God!" and then became mute again. The incident is a most remarkable one, and has made a great impression on the negroes, who are very much excited and concerned over such a sudden and brief cure. Lancaster was born in this city, and was formerly owned by Mr. William Hanan of this place. He was educated at the College of the Deaf and Dumb in Providence, R. I.



WILLIAM E. GRAY, THE "PRINCE OF FORGERS," SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS IMPRISONMENT FOR UTTERING STATE BOUNTY CERTIFICATES, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 11.

was only half-cocked and she could not discharge it. The brute paid no attention to the young woman and continued to struggle to gratify his beastly passions. But, seeing that the girl was almost successful in managing the revolver he became alarmed, and, snatching the pistol from her hand, he fled, leaving his hat behind. Officers are working the case, and, should they find him, will dispose of him in short order.

**Tragic Quarrel Between Soldiers.**

Two American soldiers, named Murphy and Coyne, left Niagara dock at midnight on the 25th, under the



WILLIAM F. HOWE, THE EMINENT CRIMINAL LAWYER, COUNSEL FOR REINHARDT, THE SILVER LAKE MURDERER.—SEE PAGE 7.



EDWARD REINHARDT, THE SILVER LAKE MURDERER, SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE ON STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 7.

**Another Rural Wild Beast Scare.**

A strange wild animal has recently been seen by a number of persons living in Marion township, Berks county, Pa. It is said to have its lair in a twenty-acre rye field. About two weeks ago it was seen out on the road, accompanied by five young ones. Those who have seen the beast say it is the size of a large dog, with a long, sharp nose, bushy tail and a dirty, red coat of hair or wool. Some think it is one of the wolves that were running around the county. The neighborhood is somewhat excited, in particular the young men who have to travel the roads to see their sweethearts.



## The Latest Baltimore Scandal.

BALTIMORE, May 26.—Charles Hoover was tried to day in the criminal court on the charge of attempted abortion on the person of Elizabeth Bailey, nineteen years of age. The girl, who is pretty and bright looking, testified that Hoover had been paying her attention for nearly two years, and during that time he had seduced her. In November last she informed him she was pregnant. He brought her two bottles of medicine, saying it would remove her trouble. She took nearly all the contents of one and one dose of the other, but the latter made her so sick that she would take no more. Hoover requested her to go to a friend of his named Ida Pennington, but she declined.

Mrs. Mary Graves, her cousin, with whom Miss Bailey boarded, testified that she sent for Hoover and begged him to marry her, but he refused; he acknowledged having given her the medicine.

Dr. Hancock and Monmonier, who had examined the contents of the bottle, pronounced them ergot.

The defence examined Dr. Wilcox, who said he had put up the extract of ergot for Hoover. Hoover told him it was for a female suffering from weakness.

Miss Bailey gave her evidence calmly and modestly. She said she expected to become Hoover's wife, but admitted that there had been no engagement between them. The case excites considerable interest. Hoover, a young man of good address, sat stoically in the prisoner's dock. He had been released on bail after his indictment, and it was thought by some would not stand a trial.

## A Bishop's View of Homicidal Texas.

Bishop Gilbert Haven says that Texas is all that it is reported to be for lawlessness. A judge said to him, "I think Texas is best described by a saying current there. A husband, sitting at his fire, says to his wife: 'Wife, I reckon I'll go to prayer meeting. Bring me my revolver.'" The bishop thus sums up the tragedies that came under his notice during his brief visit: "An old man and his wife go to visit a neighbor and his wife. That night they are attacked. The two men and one of the women are murdered. A few

days after a man and his son-in-law are murdered, supposed to be the assassins of the two men and their wives. A daughter is reconciled to her husband, who had left her. As she is standing in the door to greet him, her father and brother shoot him dead. Two men, hitching their horses to an emigrant wagon, differ about the forage. Knives and pistols fly forth, and one lies prone on the ground. A marshal stands in the door of a saloon, and an enemy puts a bullet through his heart. A man was fined for carrying unlawful weapons, and when the officers attempted to take it away, his son, a lad of seventeen, shoots the officer. A man cracks a joke on an acquaintance. He sees that his friend is offended, and takes it back. No use. The friend shoots him through the heart. Two cattle traders had been riding together all day, good friends. As one of them rode off at nightfall, the other shot him in the back. Two neighbors had a

horse race for a saddle. The saddle not forthcoming, as they were ploughing they exchanged shots, one being killed. Two children awoke at night and saw their father walking about with his throat cut. His sister-in-law is the murderess." In spite of the present condition of Texan society, however, the bishop thinks there is a brilliant future for the state.

On the night of the 26th ult., Jennie McCuen and two other girls, inmates of the House of the Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, attempted to escape by tying their clothing together so as to make a rope down which they might descend to the ground. They were in the second story, and the distance to the ground is about forty feet. The rope was lowered from an unbarred window, and as soon as Jennie McCuen threw her weight upon it, it broke, and she fell to the ground, receiving probably fatal injuries.

## The Outlaws of the Jersey Mountains.

There was a thorough search by police and citizens of the many hiding places on Garret Mountain, west of Paterson, N. J., on Sunday, the 18th ult., with a view to discovering the supposed rendezvous of a colony of outlaws who infest that region. The most formidable of these is a huge negro, who has appeared at various times sitting on the extreme edge of the cliff of Garret Rock, which juts out over West Paterson. Several of the search party did not return until a late hour in the night, having scoured the mountains for miles, penetrating as far as the Great Notch, yet no trace of the vagrants was found. Every summer of late a company of brigands, comprising blacks and whites of each sex, have camped out in the mountains west of Paterson, shifting their quarters from time to time when the search became too close, and living off the proceeds of their frequent raids on the farmers on the one side and the storekeepers of Paterson on the other. Not unfrequently half a dozen stores were entered in one night, and supplies of all kinds, including liquors, tobacco and cigars, carried off to the mountains. This shameful condition of affairs was at last ended by the capture of more than a dozen men and women at one time and about half as many at another, the capture of the latter, however, being

set upon while conveying their prisoners through the Breakneck Mountain by night and severely beaten with clubs and stones.

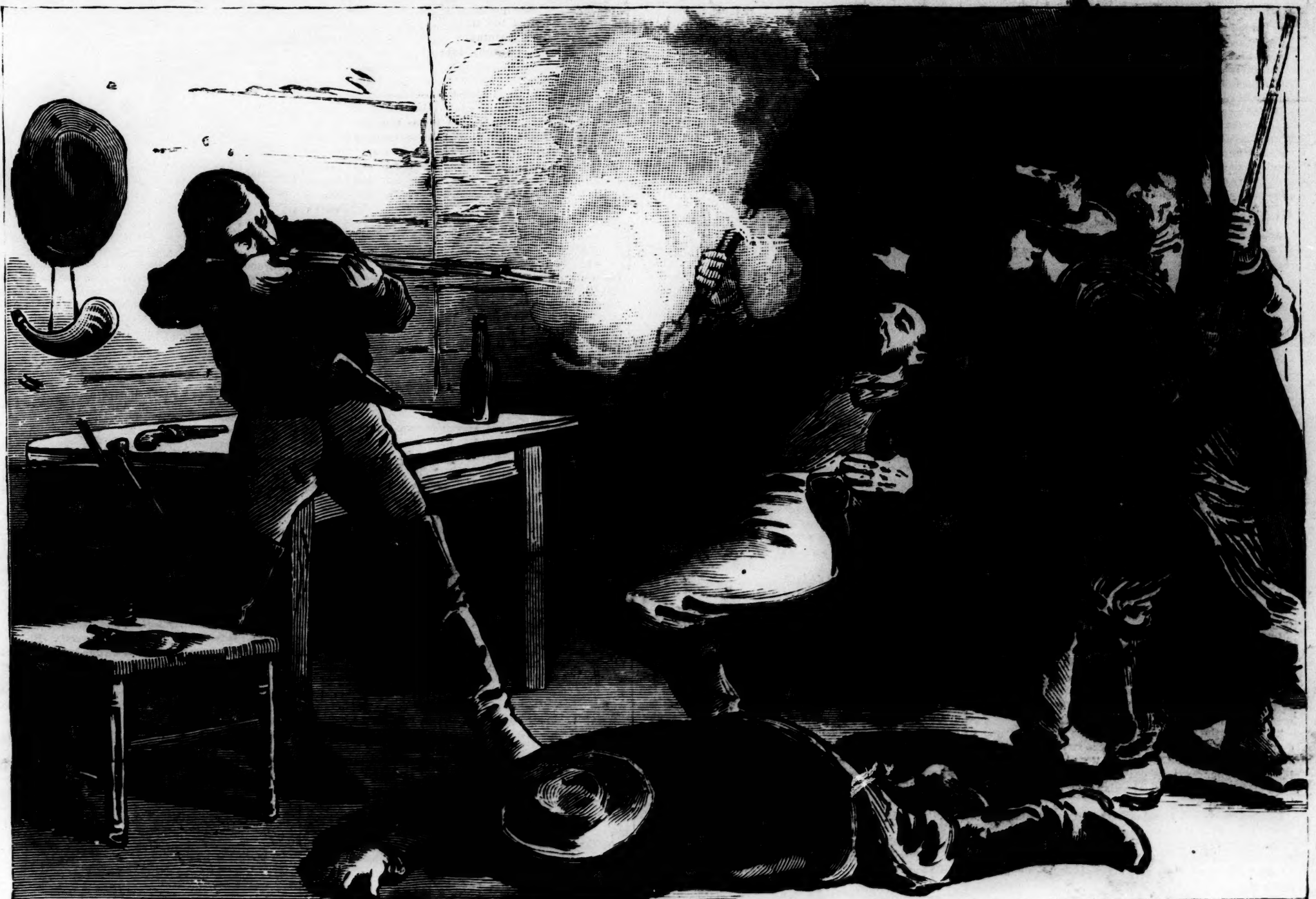
A party intend to start soon to explore the country in the vicinity of the celebrated Notch Cave, and may be enter the same, in a further endeavor to discover and break up the gang.

ELIZABETH, N. J., May 27.—A few days ago a boy named Mohart, aged six years, was spinning tops with a companion named Kimler, of the same age. The boys quarrelled, and Kimler kicked his playmate twice in the abdomen. Mohart did not feel any immediate effects from the kick, and went home. Yesterday afternoon he began to complain of severe pains in the abdomen. A physician was called, but too late, and at five o'clock this morning the boy died. Kimler has been arrested.



1—Miss Lily Duer, on trial for the murder of her "dearest friend." 2—Miss Ella Hearn, victim of the unnatural passion and jealousy of Miss Duer.

## THE REMARKABLE TRAGEDY AT POCOMOKE, MD.—See Page 6.



TAYLOR'S HEROIC DEFENSE AGAINST A MOB OF VIGILANTS, STYLING THEMSELVES "RED MEN," WHO, HAVING PREVIOUSLY CASTIGATED HIM AND ORDERED HIM TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY, UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH, INVADDED HIS HOUSE AT NIGHT TO CARRY THEIR THREAT INTO EFFECT, ON TURKEY FORK OF LITTLE SANDY, W. VA.—See Page 3.



## LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

## The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMING, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

["Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

## CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

Taking off his hat and coat, he sat down and commenced his duties, striking up a lively air whenever any one entered the place.

It was curious that he should be driven by fate to the very house in which the girl he loved was employed.

This, however, he was not aware of.

Toward evening the girls came in, and, taking off their hats and dolmans, waited for business.

It was soon remarked that a new pianist had been engaged, and, being both young and handsome, he attracted considerable attention.

Lizzie Cameron noticed him, and said to Fanny, "I'm going to smash the new player."

"Oh, Lizzie, how can you?" replied Fanny.

"It's a way I've got, dear. I can't let a man alone."

"But you don't mean to love him?"

"Certainly not. The fear is in making him love me. If I were to love all the fellows I've got I should want a heart as big as an elephant's."

While Lizzie was talking, Fanny had been taking a good look at the player.

Love has keen eyes, and though the piano was at the other end of the room, she recognized him at once.

"Why, Lizzie!" she exclaimed, "Don't you know who it is?"

"No. Do you?"

"Why yes, it is Bob Carter. Oh! I wouldn't have had him see me here for the world," cried Fanny.

"I wonder if he heard you were here and accepted the situation of pianist, to watch over you. If he did, that is something like love, but after all, he isn't so handsome and stylish as Star Varnum."

"He's much truer, though."

"I like fast men," continued Lizzie, "and I think I shall accept an offer Mr. Jackson made me. He said yesterday he would take care of me."

"Do what, dear?"

"Put up for me. Half the girls who say they are married are only living with fellows. You needn't blush, it is true, and just think how nice it is to live a life of ease and luxury. For my part I am so fond of work, that I could look on all the time and see it done."

"Oh! Lizzie, aren't you awful?"

"Oh, yes, I'm dreadfully bad, but there are lots worse than I am," replied Lizzie.

"But, dear," said Fanny, kindly and mildly, "what does a life of shame lead to?"

"I don't know, and what is more, I don't care."

"The ways of sin are dark."

"Oh, come, if you are going to preach, I shall leave the table and go to some other girl. Let any one to set up for being better than every one else."

Some customers came in and interrupted the conversation which was becoming slightly acrimonious.

Business went on briskly for some hours and Fanny had no opportunity to talk to Robert Carter, though she would gladly have done so.

About twelve o'clock he quitted the piano to go to the bar and get a glass of water.

This necessitated his passing Fanny, who was listening with a heightened color, to some remarks made by a gentleman on whom she was waiting.

"You're a nice little quail," said the gentleman. "I like you. Where do you live?"

"I can't tell you," replied Fanny.

"Come and sit down," continued the man, "How long have you been on this racket?"

Robert overheard this gentleman, and he was perfectly astonished to see Fanny.

"Miss King—Fanny," he ejaculated.

"Yes, Robert, it is I," she replied. "Is it not strange we should meet here?"

"Very, but I do not blame you. People must do something, and to the pure, all things are pure," said Robert. The gentleman looked up disdainfully.

"What are you giving us, taffy?" he asked, "Come, my dear, shake this Methodist feller of yours and let me put my arm around the sweetest little waist I have seen in a long while."

Robert looked at Fanny.

"Do you wish to shake me?" he asked.

"No, indeed," she answered.

Thus encouraged, his eyes flashed fire, and as we know he was handy with his fists, there was a prospect of things being decidedly interesting.

The gentleman stretched out his arm, encircled Fanny's waist and pulled her toward him.

"Don't do that, please," said Robert.

"By — I will, and you can't stop me," replied the man.

Robert's only reply was to strike out from the shoulder and knock Fanny's assailant off the chair.

"Take that, you loafer," he cried. "Because a girl works in this place, do you suppose she can't be respectable?"

Immediately the proprietor rushed forward and assisted the gentleman to rise.

The girls ran to the door and shouted for the police, when they saw the man draw a pistol and fire at Robert.

His aim was so good that the bullet entered his body near the right shoulder, and he fell to the ground with a deep groan.

"I'm from the South, I am," said the stranger, "and I don't allow any son of a gambler to strike me."

It happened that the captain of the precinct was passing at the time.

He took in the situation at a glance, and determined to "pull" the place.

This was no new determination of his, for he had been thinking of doing it for some time past.

The greatest confusion existed in the saloon, and the proprietor was nearly himself with annoyance.

"How dare you shoot a man in my place?" he demanded of the stranger.

"How dare a fellow strike me?" was the reply. "Here is my card. I'm not running. You can bet that I can stand the racket, and don't you forget it."

The card bore on it the name of Captain McCook.

"Captain," said the proprietor, "I don't doubt your respectability, but you have ruined me."

"Very sorry. I belong to the fighting McCooks, and we can't stand a blow. Call for an officer and have me

arrested. I shot this miserable hound and I am proud of it."

The proprietor knew not what to do.

He tore his hair, raved and went on like a madman.

The "miserable hound" meanwhile was rapidly bleeding to death.

Fanny fell on her knees and with a handkerchief vainly endeavored to stanch the flow of blood.

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, "speak to me!"

He turned his lack luster eyes upon her and said, "I did it for your sweet sake, Fanny."

Then he fainted.

An ambulance had been sent for and they took him away to the hospital, while a policeman arrested McCook.

"I'll keep order in my house, if I die for it," said the proprietor.

This was a rather unnecessary remark, for the police entered almost directly afterwards and arrested everybody.

The house was surrounded, or a general stampede would have been made.

All the girls, frightened out of their wits, huddled together like a flock of sheep attacked by wolves.

No distinction was made.

The proprietor, the men in the place and the women were all taken to the Tombs.

A long and singular procession they made as they were marched down the Bowery to Grand street and thence to Centre.

Fanny and Lizzie were allowed to walk together.

As for Fanny, she was overwhelmed with shame and felt the disgrace of her position keenly.

"I knew what would happen," she exclaimed. "If a girl goes into the kind of place we have been in, every one thinks her bad."

"Don't fret," replied Lizzie. "I'll send up to Jackson and you can send to Varnum."

"What for?"

"They will pay our fines."

"If they are not paid, what will happen to us?" asked Fanny.

"We may get six months on the Island."

"In prison?"

"Certainly."

Fanny clutched her friend's arm nervously, and said, with tears in her eyes, "I would rather be dead than that should happen to me."

"My dear child," replied Lizzie, "you do not know what a good friend you might have in Star Varnum. I have heard of him long before he met you, and he is awfully kind to girls."

"How can you talk to me in that way," said Fanny, "when the only man I ever cared for is dying perhaps in the hospital."

"Bob Carter?"

"Yes," replied Fanny.

They were walking along the street, with policemen on each side of them, and gazed at by a curious crowd.

Yet the nature of their conversation was so interesting that it made them forget the dismal surroundings and the still more dismal future.

"Can Bob Carter keep you if you married him to-morrow?" asked Lizzie.

"We could work together," answered Fanny.

"That's all nonsense. When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window. Throw Bob over."

"Never."

"Stick to Star Varnum. Send to him right away."

"Oh, no," replied Fanny. "This is degradation enough."

It was a relief when the gloomy portals of the prison were reached, and the prisoners were taken inside.

That night was spent by Lizzie and Fanny in a cell.

The next day the proprietor of the Palace was held to answer the charge of keeping a disorderly house, and the people arrested in it were fined twenty-five dollars each, the penalty of non-payment being three months imprisonment on the Island.

Most of the girls paid the money or had friends who paid it for them, but Lizzie and Fanny being unable to do so were conducted back to their cell to await the departure of the wagon which belonged to the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections and took the prisoners to the ferry.

The policeman who conducted them below saw that they looked like respectable girls, and though his heart was hardened from constant contact with suffering and crime, he felt sorry for them.

"Going to serve your term?" he inquired, as they entered the cheerless cell.

Fanny was overwhelmed with shame and wept bitterly, but Lizzie, being made of sterner stuff, didn't give way.

"We've got to," she replied. "For I don't see where we are to raise fifty dollars between us."

"Have you no feller?"

"Yes, but my lady friend does not like to send up."

"I'll pay a message for you if you are dead broke," said the policeman.

Lizzie caught eagerly at this offer.

"Oh, please do write, Fanny," she exclaimed. "One line from you to Star Varnum will get us out of all this trouble."

The policeman picked up his ears.

"Star Varnum," he repeated. "If he's her feller it'll be all right. He and the judges are as intimate as twins and he's got stacks of money."

Fanny looked up with tear-dimmed eyes.

"I have no right to appeal to Mr. Varnum," she said.

"But he told you to write to the Union Club if you should ever require his services."

"I know it."

"Then why don't you do it?"

"I have too much respect for myself," replied Fanny.

"Going as a waiter-girl was one false step, and I feel that I am being justly punished for it. If I were to send for Mr. Varnum, I should be encouraging his advances, which you must know are not of an honorable nature."

Lizzie shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps you will change your mind when you have been on the Island for a few days. I can tell you that if I knew where to find Mr. Jackson he should hear from me mighty quick."

Fanny reflected a moment.

"For my part," she said, after a brief pause, "I am content to undergo my punishment, but you are the mistress of your own actions."

"Thank you, I don't want you to tell me that," answered Lizzie.

"Hear me out."

"Why don't you write to Mr. Jackson under cover of Mr. Varnum. They are friends, and it would be sure to reach him."

Fanny's idea was eagerly grasped at by Lizzie, who uttered an exclamation of delight.

"That's it. Oh, you darling," she exclaimed, "how nice of you to think of that."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At South Bend, Ind., on the night of the 28th, in a drunken quarrel, Ed. Gillen was shot with a revolver in the hands of Owen McLeer. The ball lodged in the abdomen, producing a not necessarily fatal wound.

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

Our Commissioner has his Eyes Opened to a New Branch of Business.

## THE BLUE-EYED SMUGGLER.

How Rough Looking Steerage Passengers Become Elegantly Dressed and Be-diamonded Tourists.

## SUPPER A LA CONTRABANDISTA.

BY PAUL FROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

As I sat in the carriage upon the French pier, where I have been metaphorically sitting since last week, I was a prey to the most conflicting emotions. The keenness of my remorse was augmented by the ignoble manner in which I had failed in my newly chosen career as a philanthropist. I thought of Tom-Ri-Jon, Anthony Comstock, Henry Ward Beecher, and all the good men of that self-denying class and wondered whether they would have weakened as I had done.

I thought of Talmage, Peter Dwyer and Francis Murphy, especially the latter, whom in time I might have hoped to emulate to the extent of going around the country snatching brands from the burning, which is a poetical way of alluding to drunken bums and tramps, at \$150 a week and all expenses paid.

You see philanthropy is only up-hill work at the start, when you get the machinery in motion it begins to pay.

Look at that good man Talmage—the flash minister of Brooklyn, the champion yawper of the world. He shows his congregation that the way to get to heaven, *i. e.*, the easiest and shortest route—no dust and no change of cars—is to avoid the "Dirty Spoon" and other New York slums. Look at the salary he gets and the three months vacation in Brooklyn.

See Beecher's chaplain of the Thirteenth Brooklyn regiment, with a gold cross on his hat and a white plume trailing behind. All these triumphs come from sticking up for the right, for getting in big ticks of philanthropy, and for going around and doing good.

But there was I in the carriage, ruined in business at the start, and the most demoralized chippy bird that ever you saw. As the moments sped by I became anxious about my Cobra di Capello. What had become of her? Was she arrested? As these ideas followed the remorseful ones I began to wonder how many years I would get for being an accomplice. At one time the possibility of getting out of the coupe softly and slipping away, suggested itself, but I immediately rejected the base-born idea. I determined that I would see the matter through, and if an outraged government should demand my head to be stuck upon a pike for the adornment of the custom house, I would at least have the satisfaction of having died in a noble cause.

Of having done my duty to a lovely lady who was endeavoring to avoid hers.

Ah! here she comes at last, but she can't be with those rough-looking combinations of sea-dogs and country peddlers, those three villainous-looking men who are slightly in advance of her, and who carry dirty-looking bundles and have suspicious-looking blankets strapped upon their backs. By heavens! she is. She deliberately passes one of them and whispers something; he answers and then she comes smiling as ever—I believe that woman would paralyze her executioner with a smile—to where I am shivering in the carriage.

"My dear Paul, was I long?" she says, gathering herself together and floating to my side in her usual elegant way, intoxicating me at the start by the tantalizing perfume of her presence and the mischievous light of her eyes.

"Not very," I answered, with a feeble attempt at gayety; "the custom-house officers will probably discover that you have been short."

"Now that isn't bad," the pretty woman responded.

"You are certainly developing the talents of a wit. By the way, Paul, before our acquaintance comes to an end you must really weave my biography into a romance. I assure you it would sell."

A cold chill passed down my spine. Our acquaintance at an end! It wasn't until she uttered those commonplace words that I realized how terribly I had become wrapped up in her. It really occurred to me as the carriage jolted along toward the more civilized sections of the city that I was in love with this mysterious woman, who had slaves at her command everywhere, and who seemed to take an intense delight in doing things that were wrong.

To cover my confusion, which she was quick to notice, I asked her who those *machels*, or steerage passengers, were I saw on the wharf, one of whom she conversed with.

"And did you notice that?" she said with mock surprise. "I must have been rash. Great heavens! Suppose the custom-house saw me!"

Then she acted a swoon of fright and came out of it more enchanting than ever.

"Those gentlemen, Mr. Fowler," the vivacious beauty went on, "are smugglers, breakers of the law, the kind of people who get in jail. They are my agents, in my employ. They have just returned from Paris and Vienna with ever so much stuff which I will sell to my customers, the *modistes*. This evening I am going to give a supper to my smugglers. You will be one of us?"

"Certainly," I blurted out boldly; "if there's anything I like next to a bandit, it is a smuggler, and I believe I attempted to carol forth some song about the smuggler's daughter locking up a revenue officer in the cellar and warning her father by a gyrated lamp in the window."

A slender, kidded hand was placed over my mouth, and I returned from the English coast of Queen Anne's time to the present.

We were driving to one of the streets leading off of Union Square, she informed me, and on the way, at my request, she regaled me with a description of this one of her numerous businesses. She is not the only operator. The milliners and *modistes* frequently employ stylish ladies, with a regular Saratoga allowance of false-bottomed and hollow-sided trunks, to visit Europe in search of *nouveautés*, and in every day's paper we read how these same agents come to grief.

It was Emeline's idea to have men do the business, traveling as steerage passengers and imitating the genuine emigrant in make-up and general stolidity.

"But how is it," I asked, "that if these men are passengers in the steerage that they are allowed to land on the dock instead of going to Castle Garden in the regular way?"

"In this case," she answered, "the men were not steerage. Some of the steamers of the French line carry

none. They were second cabin. But suppose they were. It is not necessary to have them land here. Castle Garden suits me just as well. However, suppose I wanted them to land here—am I not a handsome woman?"

This was asked with charming frankness, as if she were talking about a third party.

"Of course you know my answer."

"Have I not money?"

I nodded, remembering the matrimonial bureau and the mock auction sales.

"Then let me tell you this—that there are very few things a pretty woman with money can't do when it comes to persuading sea captains and custom-house officers. I was a log-roller once in Washington and got a subsidy for a railroad on paper of \$400,000 by allowing an octogenarian senator to kiss me."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "I have not the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Oliver?"

"You have not. But pay attention if you want to know anything about this business. We are almost there."

So she explained that many thousands of dollars worth of laces, trimmings, unmade goods, feathers, etc., etc., are run into this port by every steamer, sometimes boldly, sometimes by collusion. In her case she had the goods sorted and placed on exhibition in rooms she rented. Then they were inspected by the modistes and milliners at what she called her "opening" and bargains made below the regular price here, but sufficiently above what the things had cost her abroad to leave a handsome profit to her, after the men had been paid over and above their expenses. These men were sworn not to betray her, and she, on her side, was sworn to aid them when in difficulty. There had been many discoveries and arrests, but she had always managed to keep her skirts clear. To the steamship and custom-house people she was merely known as an enterprising lady of business.

As she spoke the carriage stopped before a bay window with much gilding. It was a double bay window extending to the second story and on its central pane there was lettered:

Mlle. TRIQUET,  
DE PARIS  
Robes et Manteaux.

"Is that also your name?" I asked.

"Oui, mon cher, Paul."

"You are well named."

"Pourquoi?"

"It speaks of you as a Triquet (tricky) woman."

For this lesson in French I got a box on the ears.

## THE MAGAZINE OF FASHION.

When we got up-stairs I found myself in a perfect wilderness of what I shall have to call, for the want of a better word, "women's fixings." An indescribable odor of elegance and luxury hung over all like an invisible veil. Pretty girls glided about between tables strewn with goods, and cases filled with bonnets—so gay, so rich in tints that they seemed a flock of tropical birds perched upon the pegs.

As it happened to be the case everywhere, Emeline's presence was noticed and acknowledged by the utmost obeisance, but there was no fuss, no alteration in the business of the moment. Some elegantly dressed women lolled about the room looking at the fashion plates or reclined in chairs, waiting for their turn. My escort walked straight back to a little office, built of rosewood and stained glass, opened it with a key, motioned me to enter. I did so. The door clicked and I was alone. But this did not surprise me; nothing can surprise me now in the actions of this remarkable female. Of course it will all come to an end some time and I will be hanged, but I do not care.

Am I understood? The chippy bird laughs them all to scorn. This may not be an appropriate remark since I scarcely believe that the chippy bird is at all humorous or given to laughter, but it will do.

While I waited for Emeline I had a chance to examine the office. It was a jewel. Imagine the daintiest of women conducting the daintiest of businesses in a pretty, methodical way, and you have an idea of the bookkeeping boudoir of Emeline. She came back speedily and threw herself on a buff-colored lounge, saying:

"You think I am a mystery, don't you?"

I answered frankly that I considered the Sphinx an open, babbling, guileless creature as compared with her.

"Well, perhaps I am," she said, almost moodily. "One of these days I will settle down, and then I will tell you all about it. This is my office here, and that is my name outside. But I do not do the regular business. I supply goods under the rose. As I said before, I am not alone in it. You would be surprised if I should show you a list of fashionable and respectable smugglers as long as your arm. But let's have a drink while I wait for my agents."

From a delicate buffet she produced a decanter of brandy, and we pledged each other.

A knock!

"Ha! there they are," she said, springing to her feet, and going not to the door by which I entered, but to the rear one, which was apparently no door at all, but a heavy book-case. She unlocked it, unlocked its back, and the mysterious men on the wharf, with their greasy packs and bundles, stalked in.

"Now—let's see," she began



I also wondered who these exquisites might be, and felt ugly and jealous. As I drank glass after glass of wine my spirits rose, and I began to talk. I even told the gentlemen about the scene on the wharf, and described the second cabin passengers so whimsically that Mlle. Triquet and her guests laughed heartily. Emeline was especially amused.

"I guess they have concluded not to come to-night," I said to the presiding divinity. "Some water-side dance-hall is more attractive. Let's drink to the smugglers." We did so. Then Emeline turned to me and said: "Permit me, Mr. Frowler, to introduce the smugglers." They all bowed gravely, and one broke the silence with "Now in reference to that custom-house position—" My sea dogs were before me. That's the time some one with a penny should have dropped in. I could have been bought for it.

#### VICE'S VARIETIES.

It has been discovered that the Murfreesboro, Tenn., thieves, house-burners and murderers were bound together by an oath which required them to release one another when arrested, either by use of money, fire or pistols.

On the night of the 25th ult. Sid P. Purchase, who lives four miles from Paducah, Ky., was assaulted by seven negroes for his attentions to a colored woman, and was badly beaten, when he shot and killed one of them, named Edmund Glore.

In Detroit, Mich., on the 26th, Jeremiah Shaughnessy managed to get into a dispute over an account with William Kew, a shoe dealer on Michigan avenue, and a fight resulted. The row ended with a fatally fractured skull for Shaughnessy.

On the night of the 25th ult. Sylvester Trainer, a young man of Flint, Mich., shot Daniel Callahan in the head with a revolver, inflicting a dangerous wound. The affray resulted from objections made by Callahan to the length of Trainer's evening call upon his daughter.

At Fort Griffin, Texas, on the 26th ult., August Erskson Sunday, a desperado and horse-thief, was shot and killed by two rangers who attempted to arrest him. While in the act of serving a capias on Erskson he drew a revolver to resist, but was shot dead before he could fire. His remains were interred by the civil authorities.

ISAAC BROUGHER, who was assaulted Saturday night, 24th ult., near Youngstown, O., by three intoxicated miners, died of his injuries. The miners reside in Weatfield township, and are named Edward Lewis, and Thomas and William Williams. The latter, it is claimed, struck the first blow without any provocation other than that Brougner refused to let the boys ride.

On the night of the 23rd an attempt was made by four men recently arrested in Chicago and taken to Metamora, Ill., for robbing a store in El Paso, to break out of the jail in which they were confined. They set fire to the floor and then raised the cry of fire. When those in the upper cell were taken out they were almost suffocated. The fire was soon extinguished, after which the prisoners were all ironed.

While John H. Lewis and son, farmers, living near Winchester, Ind., were opening a ditch on the 27th ult., they were ordered to stop by their adjoining neighbors, John Lumpkins and two sons. A quarrel ensued in which Lumpkins's eldest son was shot and instantly killed, the youngest son and father receiving very severe injuries. Young Lewis was fatally injured by being struck on the head with a brick.

An investigation, on the 26th ult., into the death of H. H. Ellis, a farmer in St. Clair county, Mo., supposed to have been murdered by McMahon, on the night of the 22nd ult., as previously reported in our columns, shows it was accidental, the gun being discharged while Ellis had his mouth over the muzzle and his foot on the hammer. Ellis had just learned of McMahon's criminal intercourse with his daughter, and started to kill him, but just before reaching the house the fatal accident happened to himself.

ANOTHER devilish and cowardly murder occurred in Paris, Texas, on the 26th ult. An old negro woman, named Barbara Boon, during the night went out of her cabin to see what her dogs were barking at. An assassin, concealed in the darkness, then shot at but missed old Aunt Barbara, who, nothing frightened, coolly exclaimed, "I ain't hurt; shoot again." The assassin took her at her word, fired again, when she fell to the ground a corpse. No arrests have been made.

SAM HILL, who killed John Simmons, a young druggist, in Atlanta, Ga., on the 30th of last January, was arraigned in that city on the 26th ult., before the Fulton county superior court in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. The prisoner appeared perfectly easy and expresses himself confident of acquittal. Seventy jurors were examined before twelve unbiased could be obtained. The defense is led by General Gartrell and the prosecution by Solicitor Ben Hill. After the jury were seated the defense made a motion for the postponement of the trial on account of the sickness of Lottie Ross, the woman who will swear that Simmons induced Hill's wife to leave his house by telling her that Hill was going to kill her. After the reading of a physician's certificate of the witness' sickness and arguments on the motion, Judge Hillyer postponed the case two weeks and remanded the prisoner to jail.

A DISPATCH from Riverton, Ky., says that the Underwood war has again broken out. On Upper Tygart's creek, in Carter county, Elva Underwood, while peacefully at work in a corn-field near her home, was shot from ambush Thursday, 22nd ult., and when his children hastened to him they found him in a dying condition. His chest was perforated by two balls. George Underwood, Elva's father, was also killed in a similar manner, and Jesse has taken the field as the avenger of his family's wrongs. It is feared that there will be a fearful amount of blood shed, and farmers up in that neighborhood, afraid of becoming the victims of some assassin's ball, are forsaking their fields. Information was received from Breathitt county that Andrew Carpenter, while peacefully at work in his own yard, was shot by an unknown party in ambush. Fears are entertained there that this is but the forerunner of more bloodshed.

In Burlington, Iowa, on the morning of the 25th ult., a diabolical assault and rape was committed on a woman named Mrs. Behrens. About nine o'clock a rough-looking man entered the house as the woman was attending to her household work, and asked for something to eat, and as she arose to comply with his request the miscreant struck her a blow on the forehead with his fist, rendering her insensible. Her husband did not return from work till nearly seven o'clock at night, and when informed of the outrage started to hunt up the villain himself. The police were notified and have been active in their efforts to secure the fiend. A suspicious-looking tramp was arrested five miles from town on the following morning, brought in and confronted with Mrs. Behrens, but she failed to recognize him. The unfortunate woman, while insensible, received most foul and serious injuries from her lecherous and brutish assailant.

#### CITY CHARACTERS.

##### LA VITROLEUSE.

#### The Broken-Hearted Maiden With Chemical Tendencies.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

[Written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

When I first began to think of salient city characters for this column, the subject of the present sketch had hardly come into full-fledged notoriety.

She is eminently a creature of the period and most certainly should come to a full stop. She is also a female epidemic, being but one at the start. I have not the honor of the acquaintance of the primal young sulphuric acid woman, but she is one of three now in the Tombs, whose names are as follows:

Ellen Mead, whose young heart was blighted and thrown out of tune by a fiddler in an up-town music hall. She marked him for life, and in doing so possessed what the other two could not claim—entire originality.

The second chemical young woman with a taste for materialistic experimentalism, was a buxom, handsome house-keeper in a third-rate hotel. She was also enamored of a musician, one who mauled the key-board of an organ in an east-side church and made love to a young lady who sang in the choir at the same time. During week days, when he had work, he was a brakeman on the New York Elevated Railroad. Imbued with rapid transit ideas, it took him but a little time to capture the affections of Miss McDonald, who was all unconscious of his approaching marriage with the choir warbler, who was not, it may be stated here, a member of any "Pinafore" company. Miss McDonald imitated Miss Mead with terrible results, as everybody knows.

A gay young dress-maker was Mary Chinery, the last of these sulphuric graces. Thinking that a gentleman neighbor had maligned her, she applied the knowledge gained from the perusal of the other cases, in the most practical way, much to the gentleman neighbor's detriment.

These then, are the three, so far, of that band of avengers which we can allude to typically as *Les Vitrolemes*. It is certain that young men will continue to deceive and gentlemen neighbors to talk. It is also certain that this short, sharp and decisive method of revenge or retaliation will continue to find new votaries and that society, especially that portion of it, in which move sentimental young ladies with ill-balanced natures, will be in a constant state of peril.

I am too old myself for the frivolities of flirtation, and I always make it a practice to cross the street when I see a pretty woman coming along—that is, if she is on the aforesaid other side of the street. I live in a modest, quiet and unassuming boarding-house. I have all the comforts of a religious home, and yet, since the irruption of the vitriol slingers, my peace of mind has suffered sadly.

I recall me that I have chuckled the servant girl under the chin in the past, but only in a fatherly way, and, if I mistake not, the action was accompanied by good, sound, serious advice as to the advisability of her contracting an honorable marriage and removing herself thereby from all the temptations of a boarding-house with the comforts of a home.

Can it be, I sometimes wonder, that the girl can have construed my general remarks into a colonel proposition? Is she laying for me with a fatal teacup? Is she *La Vitrolemes*?

There's the landlady's daughter also, who reads Tupper and in whose album I wrote some burning lines, which she declared were "just too lovely for anything." She gazes upon me weirdly now, and when I meet her coming from the drug-store the other evening with a phial in her hand she seemed confused. No wonder I am worried, and that the natural, philosophical tendency of my life is warped.

We may laugh at these cases and treat lightly the appearance of the advance guard of what I consider to be an army of female potato bugs, but it is just possible that the sulphuric acid woman may become a fixed institution. She is certainly a city character now that challenges attention. Analyzing her, I should say that there was a good deal of the tiger or wildcat in her composition. She is only possible where the heart affairs dominate the intellect. In the cold-blooded circles of good society you will look in vain for *La Vitrolemes*. Among our wealthy and intellectual people the good old-fashioned way of roasting a young man for breach of promise in a court of law, where all the love letters on both sides can be unctuously read by elocutionary counsel will still obtain, and I am glad of it. Ever since the trial of Henry Ward Beecher, I have given up the *hilled-boar* business, but I do love dearly to read the soft nonsense of others. But pardon me one moment.

The reason I stopped writing just now was because Matilda Maria, our young handmaiden, just came into the room and I had to keep my eye on her. She laid the towel down in a melancholy way and left the apartment with a sigh. Now, I'll take my affidavit that I— But no matter.

The vitriol virgin will be found in the greatest numbers below stairs. The mania may extend to shop-girls and sewing-machine operatives. Desperate old maids, it is likely, may also begin experimenting with burning compounds on the bachelor in the next room who *not* propose. But excuse me again a moment.

Mabel Florence just knocked at the door and asked me if I had a two-cent stamp. Mabel Florence is the landlady's daughter previously alluded to. She seemed pale and determined, and, while I hunted for the stamp, I watched her in the looking-glass. Was I mistaken or did I detect a gleam of fiendish malignity as she gazed at me? Now, so far as Mabel Florence is concerned, we might be on a desert island together and I— But no. I withdraw this. Mabel Florence, in all probability, is a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The only way to deal with these ghouls is to make examples of them. The three in the Tombs will speedily come to trial, and it is to be hoped that the judges, upon their conviction, will give them the extreme penalty of the law and then throw in five or six years more on general principles. Not until this is done will the average citizen, who preserves the slightest spark of romance aglow in his nature, feel safe.

Since the above was written two of the three in the Tombs have come to trial. Ellen Mead received but five years. She asked the judge why he didn't make it for the term of her natural life. It was the only sensible thing she said.

Kate McDonald only got a year. The young man was forced to confess that he had been visiting her on the old terms since his marriage. What will he get? These lenient sentences will have their effect. All over the country young men are packing up and preparing to light out for the home of the grasshopper.

So far as I am concerned, while matters are in an uncertain state, I shall be forced to live in a sealed vault of a safe deposit company. It is not my fault that nature has given me a martial bearing and an unconscious captivating way with the fair sex, but since such is the case, and impressionable young women jump at conclusions, I am determined that they shall not jump for me with all their might and mayhem.

*A bashful vitrolemes.*

#### WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

##### Almee's Dresses—The Music Outlook—Some Changes—The Irish Drama—The Bowery Theatre Pictures—Wallack's Tour—Miss Davenport—Coney Island Season.

You get an idea of how dull theatrical matters are when the papers devote columns to such an item as the row between Almee and Du Sauld about those dresses. Imagine the scene in Du Sauld's room—lawyers and reporters all gathered about the sick girl, jotting down every word she says, making notes of the furniture and appointments, and working a good deal harder than when they were detailed to watch for the death of Charles O'Connor. I am glad it was all settled Almee-cably; it is much better than having a lasting feud. As the *Herald* aptly suggests, it will teach the French actress, who was to do the paying, that it is not wise to take up other people's abandoned habits.

Almee has been giving us quite a round of her characters at the Park. "Les Cloches de Corneville," "Le Petit Duc," "La Marjolaine," "Mme. Favart" and "Les Brigands." Then she rests until September, when she will open the Strakosch-Grain season at the Fifth Avenue. We are to have Paola Marie in the fall, and Capoul also. Maretzek promises English opera at the Academy. Mapleson will probably return. They say he is losing money very rapidly in London, where he has to work Minnie Hauk constantly as *Curran* just as he did here. Gerster and Campanari are both sick. Out in San Francisco Marie Roze has driven them wild with her jolly, tuneful representation of *Curran*, a role which she claims was originally written for her. See what the *Daily Abn* says: "Madame Roze, as the beautiful, willful and sensuous *Curran*, scored a triumph equal, if not greater, than in 'Aida.' Her magnificent qualities as an actress were admirably displayed, while her singing of the peculiar, rhythmic airs, inspired by the natural Spanish feeling and love of the dance, were full of *verve*, sparkle, dash and the true artistic feeling. 'Amor Misterioso,' won a most enthusiastic encore, as well as the tripping 'Preso Il Bacion.' In her portion of the score she has a great deal of dramatic recitative, which her rich, sympathetic voice was fully adequate to. Madame Roze was presented with a wealth of floral offerings during the evening."

To-night there is to be more "Pinafore" at the Madison Square Theatre, where the Delsartian actor tried to Mackaye while the sun shone. (This is a newly-mown joke and thoroughly our own. No prizes go with detection.) Is the "Pinafore" business never going to stop? Well, hardly never.

The Broadway disbanded its crew and opened on Monday night with Ned Arnot and Rose Lisle in "The Foundlings." Arnot fell sick Tuesday and Harry Meredith, of "Assommoir" fame, took his place. It was a fair performance. Sam Devere this week.

As for the Standard, their "Pinafore" cruise is what the sailors call a "deep water" trip. They are in their sixth month, bowling merrily along. There are new voices in the cast, and a general improvement to be noticed. I am afraid this terrible iteration of the opera will prejudice us against the work which Gilbert and Sullivan are going to concoct especially for this country. Gilbert is very high strung. He came here *à la* once, and because no one knew him he left the country in a huff. (Huff applies to his state of mind; he also went in a steamer.) It would be appalling if he should be put in another bad humor. In the meantime it is to be hoped that the libretto of the new work will be a decided improvement on the new series of Bab Ballads he is writing.

"Fatinitza" is over at the Fifth Avenue, and, consequently, there will be no more Suppe served out there.

The Rice Surprise Party at the Union Square changed its bill on Wednesday night, giving us all the "Horror." It hasn't got a funny name, but the extravaganza is well worth going to see. Speaking of the Union Square reminds me of what happened at our breakfast table the other morning. A young lady, announced her proposed visit to the Union Square in the evening, and said she was going to see "The Summer Season." A bachelor brute explained that that was the head line of the bill, not the name of the play, which was "Babes in the Wood." A little reading of a programme is a dangerous thing.

Boucicault succeeded in running his two weeks out at the Grand Opera House with "Arrah na Pogue." The regular Irish drama is to me the dearest thing in the world. It hasn't varied in its construction for fifty years—the same red-coated villain, the same bluff squire with the pretty daughter, the same poaching hero, the same meeking tithe-gatherer, the same flinty-hearted lawyer, the same potheen drinking priest. Bah! it makes me sick. I will be content not to see Boucicault and such rubbish for the rest of my life and not consider it a hardship. On Decoration day Mr. McCoy, the treasurer, had a matinee benefit. There was a smashing house, and the radiant smile of genuine joy lit up the face of the beneficiary. "Engaged" is the bill this week.

I should like to have a personal acquaintance with the artist who paints the pictures they put outside the Bowery Theatre. They are immense, and it is to be easily seen that there is nothing mean about the theatre since he is allowed so much paint. I picture the artist as a dark and gloomy man, given to the study of metaphysics—one who has been crossed in love early in life.

There is the following ad. in the papers: A lady wishes instruction in dramatic art from a person of high reputation in the profession. Address ARTIST.

That could come genuinely from a good many so-called leading ladies.

Mr. Lester Wallack's path through the west has not been strewn with roses. He plays on a certainty, however, and it is only the managers who lose. Is it possible that the breezy west will not acknowledge the graceful school of our greatest juvenile comedian? He should tip them the "Rifle Ball." Rifle balls are great institutions out there.

Now Miss Fanny Davenport swept everything before her. She is credited with making \$50,000 by her trip. *On dit* also that she is going to be married to an actor. I certainly don't blame the actor. Miss Davenport and \$50,000 are a tempting combination.

Ada Gavendish is going to do *Julia* in "The Hunchback" this week at Wallack's. All such plays are mistakes this kind of weather. Why not put on "The Stranger" and "Taming of the Shrew" at once? "Miss Gwilt," the play by Wilkie Collins, is in preparation.

Cyril Searle has gone to England. Modjeska has sailed. She will be gone a year, at least. Talmage goes also, on a

three months vacation. That is circus news, however and hardly belongs here.

On last Thursday night the New York Aquarium opened its seaside branch at Coney Island. Owing to extensive arrangements made by Mr. Reiche, the proprietor, and made, it is needless to remark, utterly regardless of expense, it will only be necessary hereafter to telegraph to whatever fish is wanted and he will swim right up and into his tank. Speaking of Coney Island, many of our "bum" actors, who have been out of employment for some time, intend to open there this summer—open claims.

Ch. Fritsch, the tenor, and Franz Remmert, the pianist, are going out to the Cincinnati music festival. We advise them to take guides when they go over the Rhine, so as to preserve their bearings.

Cove Bennett should have stuck to the light business he was qualified to play. He made a mess of being a tragedian.

Mrs. Barney Williams' place at Bath, L. I., is a mass of exquisite foliage in which the house nestles. Bath is a pretty place, and many of the theatrical profession have pitched their tents there, some in the toy villas and some in the spacious Avon Beach Hotel.

MARQUIS OF LORNETTE.

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